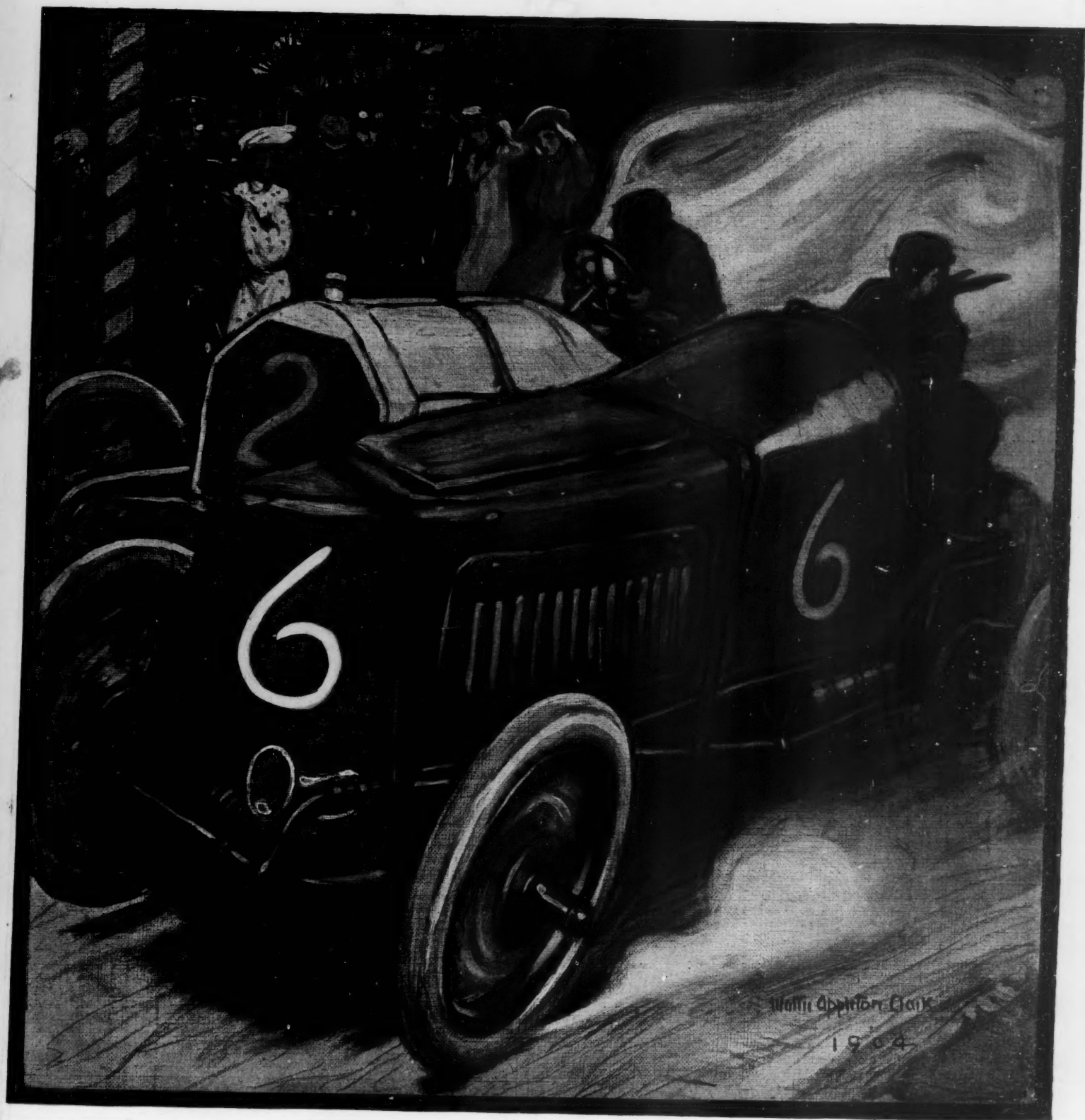


In order to avoid any delay in mailing this week's Collier's to subscribers, we were compelled to go to press before the St. Louis Convention had nominated candidates. An eight-page Convention Extra, containing articles by John Sharp Williams and William Allen White, and illustrated with many photographs, will be issued and mailed to every subscriber before the publication of the next regular number of Collier's

Collier's

JULY 16

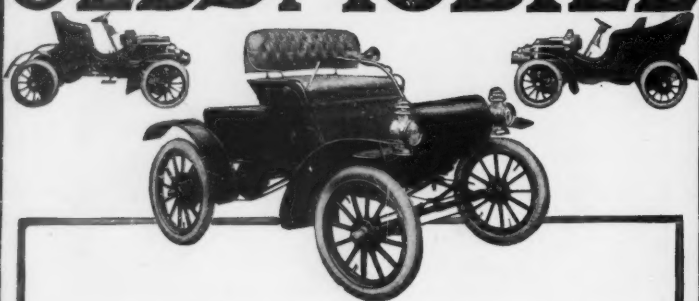
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VOLUME XXXIII : NUMBER 16 : PRICE 10 CENTS

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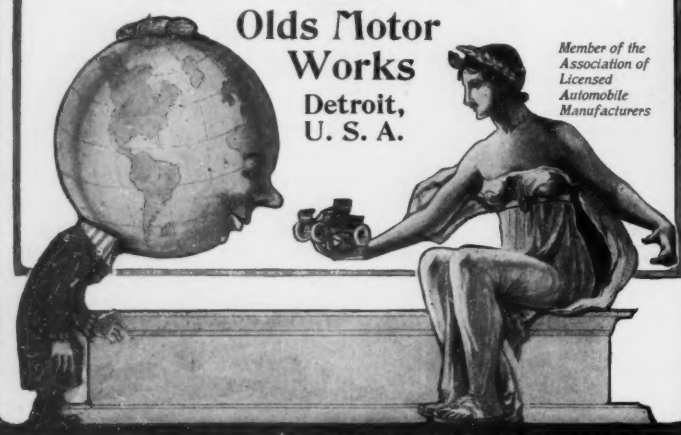
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PEARSON'S MAGAZINE

16 Astor Place, New York

COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1904

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THE EMPRESS OF CHINA POSING FOR AN AMERICAN ARTIST

The first portrait ever painted of the Dowager-Empress Tsi An of China is now on exhibition in the Fine Arts Building at the St. Louis Exposition. It was painted by Miss Kate Augusta Carl, an American artist, who has lived much abroad, and whose brother, Francis E. Carl, was chosen as Vice-Commissioner to represent China at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. It was while staying in China with her brother that Miss Carl enjoyed the unusual experience of meeting the Dowager-Empress at a reception given to the women of the Foreign Legations.

Shortly afterward she was invited to the imperial palace and the arrangements completed for the painting of the portrait. During a number of the sittings the Dowager-Empress and Miss Carl were alone except for the Empress's attendants; at other times Miss Carl sat behind a screen and painted the Empress while the latter was engaged in receiving the members of the Legations or in other social or administrative duties. The portrait is a full-length painting. Later it will be placed in the National Museum of Fine Arts in Washington



THE FIGHT IN WISCONSIN has at least the merit of making the voters think. Some of our readers send in passionate defences of LA FOLLETTE and others of the SPOONER faction, and such a division, involving questions of political principle, is much more in accord with the basic ideas of representative government than either the harmony of a boss-owned State like Pennsylvania or the discord of a fight with no principles involved, as in the factional contests which have torn both parties in New York. The opponents of Governor LA FOLLETTE impugn his motives, and we do not pretend to read his mind, but we do believe his influence thus far in Wisconsin has been toward liberal thought. Our esteemed contemporary, the Prohibition organ, called "The New Voice," declares that the people have been dreaming for a hundred and fifty years that they govern themselves, but that they do not, and, moreover, that it was never intended by their agents in the formation of the Government that they should govern themselves. "The fathers were not dishonest, but when they came to formulate the new conception of liberty into working machinery, from force of education they

FACTIONS IN
THE STATES

fell into the error of laying the keel of democracy on lines of only another kind of tyranny, and now, at length, the people find themselves in the contemptible position of being ruled, and robbed, and all but ruined by their own servants. They find themselves unable to frame the issues in their own politics, to secure the enactment of their own laws, or their enforcement, or to select their own officers." A State in which the people most notoriously fail to be represented is Delaware. The President's dilemma in such a dilemma is not an easy one. ADDICKS is stronger than the "Regulars." He bought enough votes to "save Delaware from the Democrats," and for this high deed a certain Republican gratitude is supposed to be due to him. The President might have come out boldly for the weaker and more respectable faction, but such an act would have required a heroic willingness to engage in what would probably be a losing fight, and is, perhaps, more than we have any right to ask.

WE OBSERVE CERTAIN SIGNS that the Republican bosses think this an excellent time to force Mr. ROOSEVELT to tie himself up with promises in New York. Governor ODELL is supposed to be interested in a Senatorship himself, yet his personal organ comes out with a vivid explanation of Mr. BLACK'S qualifications for that high office. The ex-Governor, who, some weeks ago, aimed a pointed diatribe against the strenuous life, at a dinner where the President was the principal guest, was later chosen for the honor of nominating Mr. ROOSEVELT and

THE REPUB-
LICANS IN
NEW YORK

seized the occasion to take back everything he had said in opposition to the spirit which the President embodies. In Washington he spoke against speed. In Chicago he argued for it. In Washington he celebrated judgment and deliberation. In Chicago he was prodigal of tropes decorating the temperament that goes ahead. One oration was for peace, the other celebrated war. The change in Mr. BLACK may be in no way connected with promises about the Federal influence in New York. We hope it is not, and we are quite sure that, with so many conditions in favor of his victory, the best policy for the President will be to hold out boldly against the local gamblers, and trust to entering his second term without incumbrances, supported by a favorable verdict of the people.

WHO IS THE LEADING CITIZEN of the United States?

It is a question which has value as well as interest, since it clarifies the ideals of those who ask it. In New England, and in highly educated circles elsewhere, the post of honor would frequently be offered to the President of Harvard. If we are to measure a man by the weight and dignity of his personality, proved through a long life in a place of importance and leadership, there could be no better choice than Mr. ELIOT. Others,

OUR FORE-
MOST CITIZEN

with a vision directed to events of more universal public interest, would select the Sage of Princeton, that "old rhinoceros" whose steady gait, thick skin, and sturdy neck have made him so monumental a part of American political affairs. Some of those to whom literature is the most glorious branch of human expression would offer the first place to him who is at once our largest humorist and our most creative novelist. Looking to pure genius, with a fair view of all the fields, we might well consider the possibility that the name of EDISON will often be repeated when statesmen, college presidents, and authors of this day and country are seldom heard.

HERBERT SPENCER thought EDISON the greatest inventor who had ever appeared upon the earth. The four men whom we have mentioned are all old, as it is fitting they should be, for time has caused their size and is the guarantee of their stability.

TALK ABOUT IMPERIALISM BORES US. The subject is important, no doubt, but the talk lacks interest. This may be lamentable, but it is true. A discussion about the exact degree of freedom to be given to the Filipinos in a given space of time is to the average American mind about as exciting as a dispute on SPINOZA'S theory of existence. It is too much like a scholastic exercise. They do not agree with Professor JAMES and other eminent thinkers, that a person who knows nothing about the Philippines is better qualified to select the principles of their government than Mr. TAFT, or any one else who knows. The people believe that Mr. TAFT, and others who agree with him, are honest, liberal, and well informed, and they listen to them, rather than to others who merely preach a well-worn sermon used frequently to fit anything, from the Panama Canal to the election laws in Southern States. They know that our Revolution was not fought to establish any of the phrases of THOMAS JEFFERSON, or even of PATRICK HENRY. It was fought on a definite question of taxation. If some competent speaker or writer will show just where we are abusing the Filipinos, as we certainly are in the tariff which we use to cheat them, the people will listen as they will not listen to any declaration about the consent of the governed—so vague that it might apply as well in '60 as in '75, or in Korea as in the Congo. Generalizations glitter most effectively when they are exploited in connection with some substantial fact, which would be impressive in itself even without the glittering appendage. There were no sonorous aphorisms exploded at the signing of Magna Charta, and there are a great many exploded every time a political party concocts a platform or a university celebrates its annual flock of graduates. There is no need of being the creature of a label. We need not be either imperialists or anti-imperialists. We may bring our minds to bear on each case as it arises.

IMPERIALISM
AS A BORE

PLOWING AND SOWING IN THE FIELDS, while two peoples fight for what belongs to him, the Chinese farmer does not look upon himself as inferior to the warlike races. He fights occasionally, to be sure, but only when goaded past endurance, as the laundryman in America once in his sojourn turns upon the foreign devil who worries him. To the philosophic Chinese heathen in his ordinary mood, working madly, sleeping in the open, bridging rivers and carrying rifles and packs, all in order to run the risk of being killed and buried far away from your ancestors, appeals to him as ridiculous. The Chinese usually run away in battle not so much because they are cowardly in their nature, as because they are too reflective in their warfare. They have in mind too emphatically the advantages of remaining alive, and they have not yet been organized so as to make running away more dangerous than standing where they are put. Being killed in battle is neither reasonable nor glorious to the Chinese mind, but rather unprofitable, irrational, and therefore absurd. The American who runs away, at Bull Run or elsewhere, is sympathized with only by an occasional philosopher as humane as LINCOLN, who made use of funny metaphors to excuse the coward, but the Chinaman who is led to war has none of the cohesive power of public sentiment to keep him in the ranks. If it appears to him that he would be safer and better satisfied elsewhere, he is almost free to run. His reasoning, for all that it is archaic, is not without its force and proves nothing against his mind or even against the possibilities of his character, when the world's trend shall force him to encourage martial emotion and take a serious view of scientific slaughter. The allied people, who have been going about their martial duties laughing and chatting, like the small brown men whom CÆSAR led, are probably already having some influence as teachers, or, as an example, to disturb that vast, brooding calm which has been the expression of China's soul.

THE HEATHEN'S
STANDPOINT

MACAULAY DESCRIBES CHINA and her civilization as having a "tottering, driveling, paralytic longevity," an immortality as depressing as that of the terrible struldbrugs discovered by Lemuel Gulliver. MACAULAY'S nature craved extremes in statement, and moreover he had the belief in beneficent change which is essential to the creed of an English Liberal. He speaks



of this unchanging level as "a calamity far more terrible than any of the quick, inflammatory, destroying maladies to which nations are liable;" a life in which for many centuries nothing has been learned and nothing unlearned; where Government, education, the whole system of life, is a ceremony, and etiquette is frivolous pomp; where knowledge forgets to increase and multiply, and schools teach only what has been known for ages. Such a view can be taken of China by the unsympathetic to-day; but when Japan turns herself into an entering wedge, we can hardly believe that China can remain unswervingly loyal to the habits of her centuries. How much social change

PROGRESS IN THE ORIENT

must be made, even in Japan, at once, may be indicated by the existence of a law, passed in 1899, which provides that any incitement to strike on account of wages or hours shall be punished by imprisonment of from one to six months; and this law, like others, is executed arbitrarily by the police. It is not, certainly, what we should regard as freedom or as progress. As, however, newspapers in Japan have increased in forty years to six hundred, from none, progress in the social sense, which is its profoundest meaning in the West, may be expected to follow increased efficiency in war, science, and manufacture; and whatever happens in Japan must happen to some extent in China.

FREQUENTLY WE ERR in the choice of topics for this editorial survey of the universe, from China to Peru, and we never used poorer judgment than when we undertook to explain that the word Socialism has not the same connotation in European politics that it has at home. We do not seek trouble for trouble's sake, with no resulting good, and that is what we acquired by this particular experiment. "The old howl of the press," says one appreciative friend, "was that Socialism in Europe was a sort of made-over brand of anarchy, and that we wanted none of it here. The European Socialist was pictured as a roaring lion of bloodshed and bombshells, with a gore-dripping knife in one hand and a miniature Gatling gun in the other. But now that the Socialist movement has grown to goodly proportions here, and is still growing, the European Socialist has turned into a high-browed, thin-shinned, whiter than snow, spectacled, intellectual Bostonian lamb, and the Socialist devil is rampant here at home." Another scolds us for not having published entire a former letter, and, after submitting one of nine pages, he demands a hearing, with the allegation that it costs us nothing. Probably he does not realize that to print his letter somewhat over 500,000 times, and distribute

ONE OF OUR MISTAKES

it to the public, would cost us several hundred dollars, to say nothing about the fact that we need the space for our own opinions. To proceed with our mail: "In that same editorial you say, 'Any measure which undertakes to cure everything is on the face of it either an error or fraud.' You had better watch out, young man. The preachers say different, or at least they say that the Bible does. I don't know what your source of information is, but that statement is pretty broad. However, it is in line with your statements regarding Socialism. Get some of the standard works on Socialism, say 'Capital' by MARX, and read up a bit. If you will and will apply yourself diligently it will do you good." Now, such a tone disturbs our feelings, injures our digestion, and leads us nowhere. We have egregiously failed to convert the Socialists, a class of men in whose sincerity and fairness we happen to believe, more than we do in their intelligence, and we hereby declare that it will, in all probability, be some time before we are inveigled back into the discussion from which we have emerged with so little glory.

THE GREAT MONOPOLIST

ALTHOUGH RUSSIA HAS TROUBLE ENOUGH with Japan in the East and her dissatisfied subjects at home, from Count Tolstoi and his criticisms to the Finnish patriot and his deed, Mr. ROCKEFELLER has seen fit to attack her in the rear. He, according to the Russian press, has bought up the oil combinations in the Empire of the Czar, in his relentless absorption of the world. "A wise man," said SWIFT, "should have money in his head, but not in his heart," by which definition we fear Mr. ROCKEFELLER is not wise. While he is studying his Bible, and giving the advantage of his research to young and tender minds, he might take up Proverbs xxviii, 20, which assures him that "he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent." Certainly the greatest monopolist on earth can not be innocent. To gain a hundredth part of ROCKEFELLER'S wealth without obliquity would be impossible to the profoundest

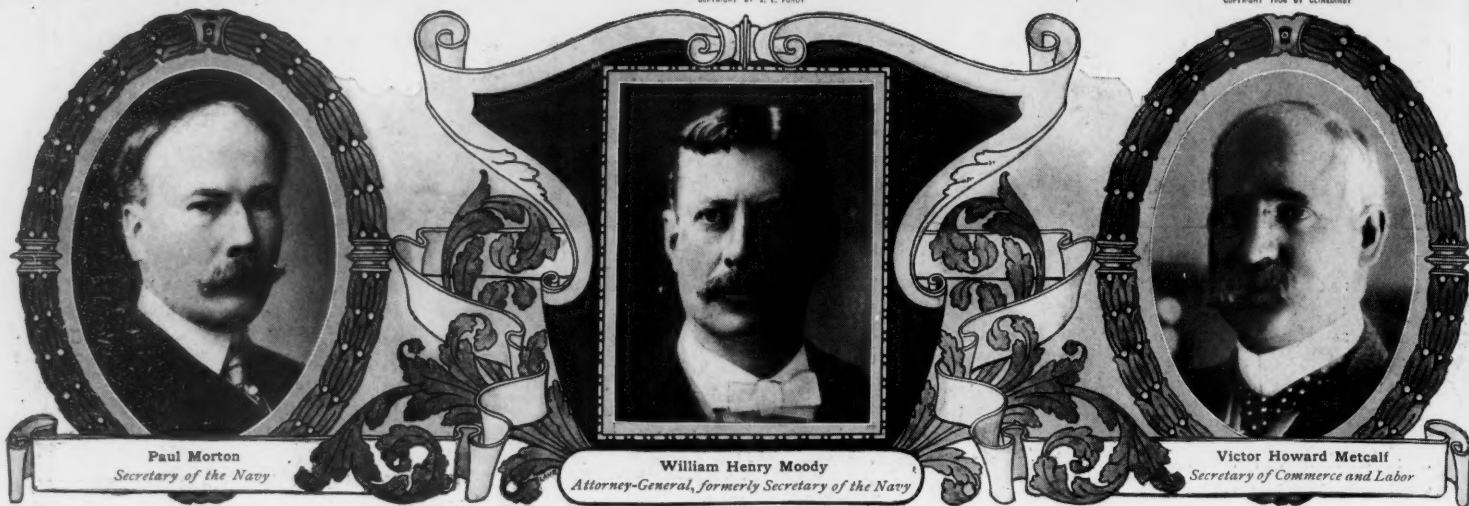
business genius. "Money," as FIELDING wittily expressed it, "is the fruit of evil," often, and almost inevitably when it is found in such stupendous masses. In HEINE'S day it was "the god of our time, and ROTHSCHILD its prophet." To-day, of course, the god remains, but ROCKEFELLER is the prophet. He is the most stupendous example of the power and the unworthiness of wealth that any single man affords.

THE PRESIDENT OF BRYN MAWR has made a strong argument against the idea that college education makes for race suicide. Thirty per cent of English-speaking women and girls are not really well, but college-bred women are at least a little stronger than other women, they have slightly larger families, and their children are somewhat more likely to survive. Miss THOMAS puts the situation on an economic basis, there being in her opinion only two classes in which as a rule all women marry—the working class in which the woman is not an expense, but contributes her share in household labor at home or in paid work outside the home, and the wealthy class where the women bring inherited wealth to their husbands. In the large class between, where a woman neither works nor inherits money, only fifty per cent marry, as a wife in that class is a luxury which many men can ill afford. In putting the main stress on work and health, Miss THOMAS is undoubtedly correct; and as a subordinate circumstance under health, can be brought in the part played by the fear of pain and of being kept from social pleasure. In our own experience, college women have been more anxious to have children than women of similar circumstances but inferior education, because their mental discipline has led them to care more for the stable goods and fundamental interests of life, and less for experiment in diversion. Women of the well-to-do class who have not satisfied their intellectual curiosity are less willing to rest their lives on the simple foundations than those who have had their fling in four years at college, and a year or two of groping afterward. A liberal drink of education helps both men and women to the knowledge of themselves.

COLLEGE WOMEN AS MOTHERS

THE "CHRISTIAN REGISTER" ASSURES US that we were wrong when we stated recently that nature is not moral. "She is so highly moral," says our critic, "that, whenever any such prejudice has done its perfect work and ceases to be useful, she sets her face against it and calls upon all rational and sympathetic human beings everywhere to set limits to it after it becomes injurious." The "Register" also quotes a phrase in which we said that the "survival of the strongest is not a rule of ethics," and remarks: "True, but the survival of the strongest is not a rule of nature beyond a limit which is easily perceived by all rational thinkers." Now, phrases are dangerous tools to handle, and we should not defend the statement that nature is not moral if it were taken in an exaggerated sense. In its context, it meant that, whereas the "Christian Register," and the very consciously ethical fragment of humanity, would admit hordes of Chinamen, under an application of the Golden Rule, nature would not, and we sided, in that particular instance, with the prejudices of nature against the ethics of our spiritual friends. We do not pretend to be acquainted with "all rational thinkers," but we do see the rule of the strongest playing a considerable rôle in life. Is "From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath" a rule of ethics or a scientific observation of a cruel way which nature has? The principal way, no doubt, to conquer nature is to obey her; to learn a lesson analogous to that so thoroughly grasped at length by Job; but we may be docile to necessity without attributing ethical quality to the fact that we kill sheep, while the brick, like the sunshine, falls upon the just and the unjust. The Golden Rule is not part of nature; it transcends nature and contradicts it. When CHRIST laid down that rule He spoke as an exhorter to higher laws, but when He described what happens to the unfit He spoke as an observer of nature, like HUXLEY or any other man of science; like GOETHE, when he said that nature had no feeling. Not always does the righteous flourish like the palm tree, or grow like the cedar in Lebanon. Sometimes the little foxes destroy even his vines. The time may come when the kid lies down safely with the leopard, but until that day comes it is for us to choose the moral way because it is good, and not because we imagine we can prove it to be nature's way. Nature, like man, has its good and evil, its folly, its "strange eruptions," and its frequent failures.

NATURE'S MORALS



THE THREE NEW MEMBERS OF THE PRESIDENT'S CABINET

THE OWNER OF THE BATTLEGROUND

By FREDERICK PALMER, Collier's War Correspondent attached to the Japanese General Staff in Manchuria

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WHEN General Kuroki and his staff approached Feng-Wang-Cheng, the Governor and the local officials came out to offer him the freedom of the city, which had been in the grip of the Japanese army for more than a week. The wove-hair windows of the Governor's chair threw a subdued light on silken robes; the swaggering trot of its bearers, scornful of populations, set off the occupant's languid impassiveness, the absence of which in the Caucasian forms the Oriental's chief source of contempt for us.

In all the essential facts of modern conquest the occupation of Feng-Wang-Cheng was complete. There was not even the saving hope (which buoys the spirits of most beaten peoples in their humiliation) of legions in the background which might re-form and recover the lost ground. Submission here had no hint of sullen patience; it was signified by receiving the General as if he were a traveling foreigner of distinction. For the Chinese the art of war is the art of making profit out of defeat. The officer and the official had skin of the same tint and a common classic language, whose written characters either could understand. Saying that both were Oriental was the same as saying that both Americans and Abyssinians are Christians.

Kuroki Enters Antung

Kuroki had ridden in. His blue coat was sprinkled with the dust of the army-traveled road; his credentials were the blow his legions could strike. Otherwise than stepping in and out of his chair the Governor had lifted no finger of effort to bring himself to the meeting; his credentials were the service and the squeeze-money he could command without a gesture. The contrast of these two was pale beside that of the soldiery at their backs. These incarnated a civilization which is the most exclusively martial of any in the world, and those one which has found a means of unparalleled perpetuity in its contempt for arms.

The discipline of the Chinese soldiers was in harmony with the cut of their baggy trousers. They were recruited from the scum of the population—rascals who had a "good job," an easy way of earning a living. The object of their organization was personal protection to the Governor; their number, some test of his importance in the world. From road's end to road's end, to right and to left, wherever the advance extended, were the best blood and best physique of another land where, pay not being the main question, it is a great privilege to carry a rifle for your Emperor. Yet the Chinese would have seen in their Governor's manner of dealing with the situation, and in the Chinese soldiers themselves, a vindication of their race pride. Kuroki's adjuncts of power were not those which the Chinese have held dear for thousands of years. His marching and counter-marching thousands are sheerly ridiculous to the only civilized people which have no respect for the profession of arms.

The Chinaman is There for Profit

Never has the Chinese had a broader canvas or a better subject for the art of making profit out of the conqueror. He is in a sense the umpire representing civilized opinion as between the two disputants. With the burning of Moscow in mind, superficial consideration might have led one to expect that the Russian would desolate the land through which he retreated. Policy would not permit. Some houses have been burned, but these seem to represent only individual instances

of Cossack outlawry or the spleen of commanding officers whose reputations were sacrificed to the mobility of Japanese columns and the finesse of a General Staff.

Population and granaries at Feng-Wang-Cheng, as at Antung, were left undisturbed. The Russians expect to return. They argue that when they come they will want the corn for food, and the fodder for their horses, and houses in which to billet their soldiers. Any expanding empire must have some conviction that it is easier to rule a people through their indifference and undisturbed economy than by provoking their hatred. The Japanese expect to remain till the Russian cloud has passed. They have the same material objects of sustenance and comfort in view, and, besides, they must give day by day proof of the singleness of their purpose in coming to rescue this people from outside dominion and guarantee a permanent return of sovereignty. They come as friends of the Chinese, who recognize friendship only through actual benefits gained.

Whether it is the house of the Governor, the store-keeper, or the rooms of a temple priest that you occupy, each has the most distinct Oriental felicity in face of personal discomfort—that art of making profit from defeat; of making you feel at home in a way that commands a present at the end of your stay. You comprehend how the Russians were made equally welcome. Does the Chinese distinguish at all between friend and foe? Does he see in either more than inconvenience in return for a market for his produce? I am inclined to think that he would not object to having the war go on indefinitely without prejudice as a business proposition. His preferences are hidden behind a mask which possibly the Japanese, who can read the ideographs, may penetrate. He wants, indeed, to rule no other country and to have no other country rule him. The island Oriental understands him better than the Russian does. If he could fully appreciate that Japanese success means the integrity of China as promised—and that he might go his own hermit way—the big Manchurian might have the patriotism to fight on his own account.

A Contrast in Civilizations

But the integrity of China is a generality which includes the Chinese who live across the river, and in the next town. What has one to do with them? Do they earn food for you and your family? The Chinese has in common with every other Chinese manners, customs, physiognomy, and industry. Collectivism he does not understand at all, or rather he understands it in his way. If he succeeds in business he will take all his relatives into the establishment and care for them. He will go in numbers to the joss-house to beat gongs to appease mythical animals that make droughts and floods. Foreign invasions belong to the same order of disturbances, and he would meet them in the same way.

To-day we have the most martial and the least martial of civilizations side by side exemplifying by personal examples each its dominating quality. One searches history vainly for a parallel. There is the industrialist gleaning parched grain from the ruins of his house and the patriot who dies for glory alone. It is fair weather for military movements—on the road is the soldier. It is sowing time—in the fields is the Chinese. The man on the road is working slavishly for his country; the man in the field is working slavishly for himself and his family.

The "transporters" better explain the martial marvel

of Japan than the firing line. The "transporters" are always at the rear, and only at the rear—the drudge ants of this army of workers that carry mill and granary with them. They play the same part as our civilian teamsters who receive \$3 a day, while our soldiers themselves receive only one-sixth as much. It is a "good job" for the teamster; it is war for the soldier. For the "transporter" it is neither a "good job" nor war. In the drafting of conscripts in Japan the poorest in physique and general fitness are rejected. Of those accepted, the furthest below the standard are made "transporters." Because he is an inch shorter than his fellows, Nippon Denji may smell powder only when the transport wagons are attacked. At landing places and depots he must bear sacks of rice and sake kegs on his back. On the road, he has to lead by day the ponies that draw the little transportation carts and groom them by night. The ponies go better for leading; if they did not, economy of energy would demand that the "transporter" walk just the same. For those geniuses of quick marches and swift decisive blows—the fighting men—the time required for perfecting strategic plans or bringing up other columns may mean weeks of rest. Not infrequently they must wait for the supply trains, which means all the more haste for carts and ponies.

The Man Who Does the Work

The "transporter's" work is like that of the excavation of a great mine. There is always more to do. Day in and day out they pass back and forth over the dusty road, no sooner depositing one load than returning for another. Their pay for a month would not buy a day's square meals in New York or Chicago. Yet they smile as they work. Their hearts are in their drudgery. Their smile, their spirit, their eagerness—these are the marvels to the Occidental. They are not forced to toil by a military aristocracy. It is a privilege to serve the Emperor in the field even as a "transporter." A line of braid on the cuff is the bridge between chivalry and labor. When one of our Western regiments would tower over any Japanese regiment like so many elder brothers, the added inch which takes the conscript from the supply train to the firing line has a suggestion of irony to the Occidental.

So it well might to the native. For the Manchu is as big as the Russian. No human exhibition could be more unreasonable to him than that of the "transporters" who do coolies' labor for a pittance. But the Chinese, too, is a creature of sentiment and of self-sacrifice. He works for his family and his ancestral tablets. On the other hand, the "transporter's" family sent him forth, proud that he might endure hardship for a few cents a day.

China Waits with Stolid Patience

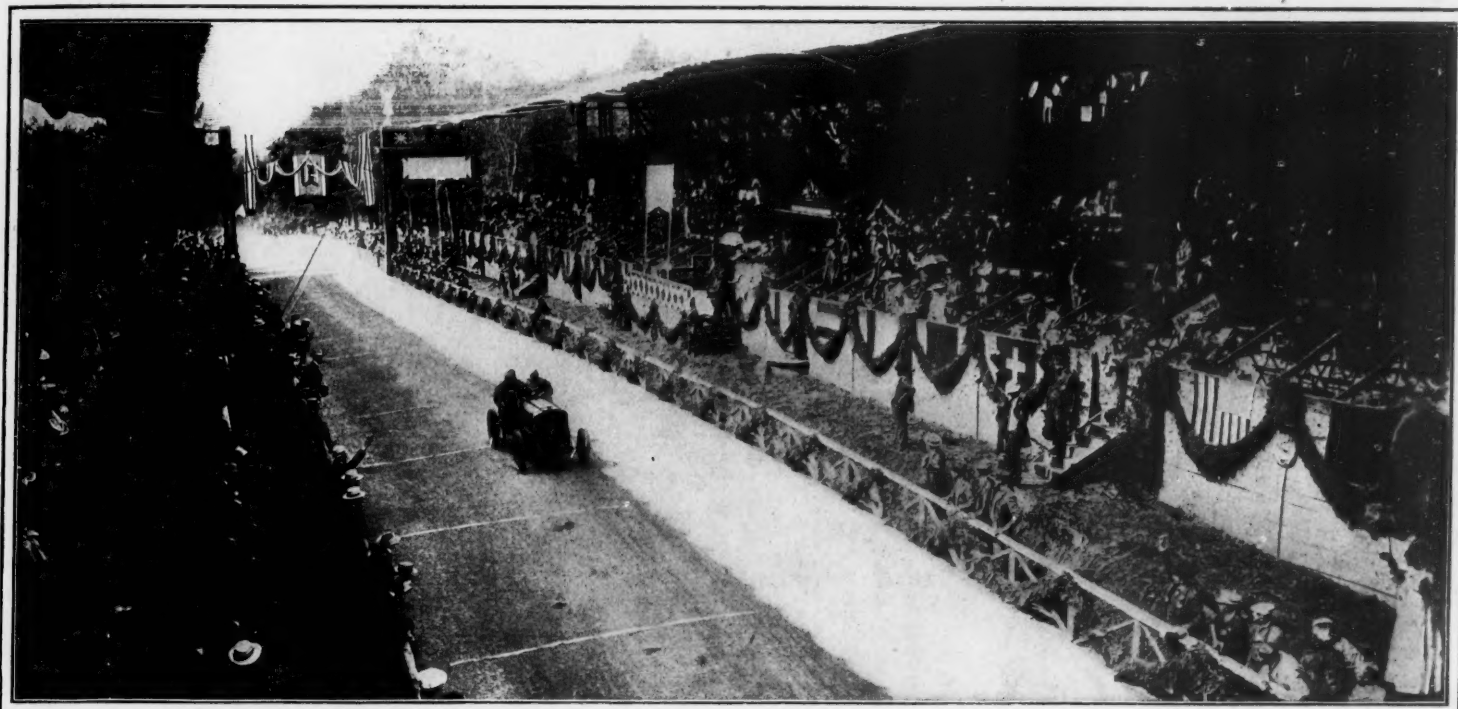
Japan is poor; China is rich. If the Chinese should turn their energy toward war—Yes, if—if all the people of New York should decide to move into the country to-morrow! Speculation is easy. The Chinese have assimilated many armies, many "transporters." They now rule their old conquerors, the Manchus. They have worked out the only practice—making profit of defeat—that has preserved a people intact while new Empires were born and old ones fell. They started before the Greeks, and the Peking car still goes creaking along their bad roads. Whatever the outcome of the war, they will miss no good bargains, will waste no time in idleness, and will always be fond of their little children, and fonder still of their grandmothers.



Announcing the Start

They being Congratulated at the Finish

Prince Henry, an Interested Spectator



M. Thery, the Winner of the Race, passing the Grand Stands at the Finish



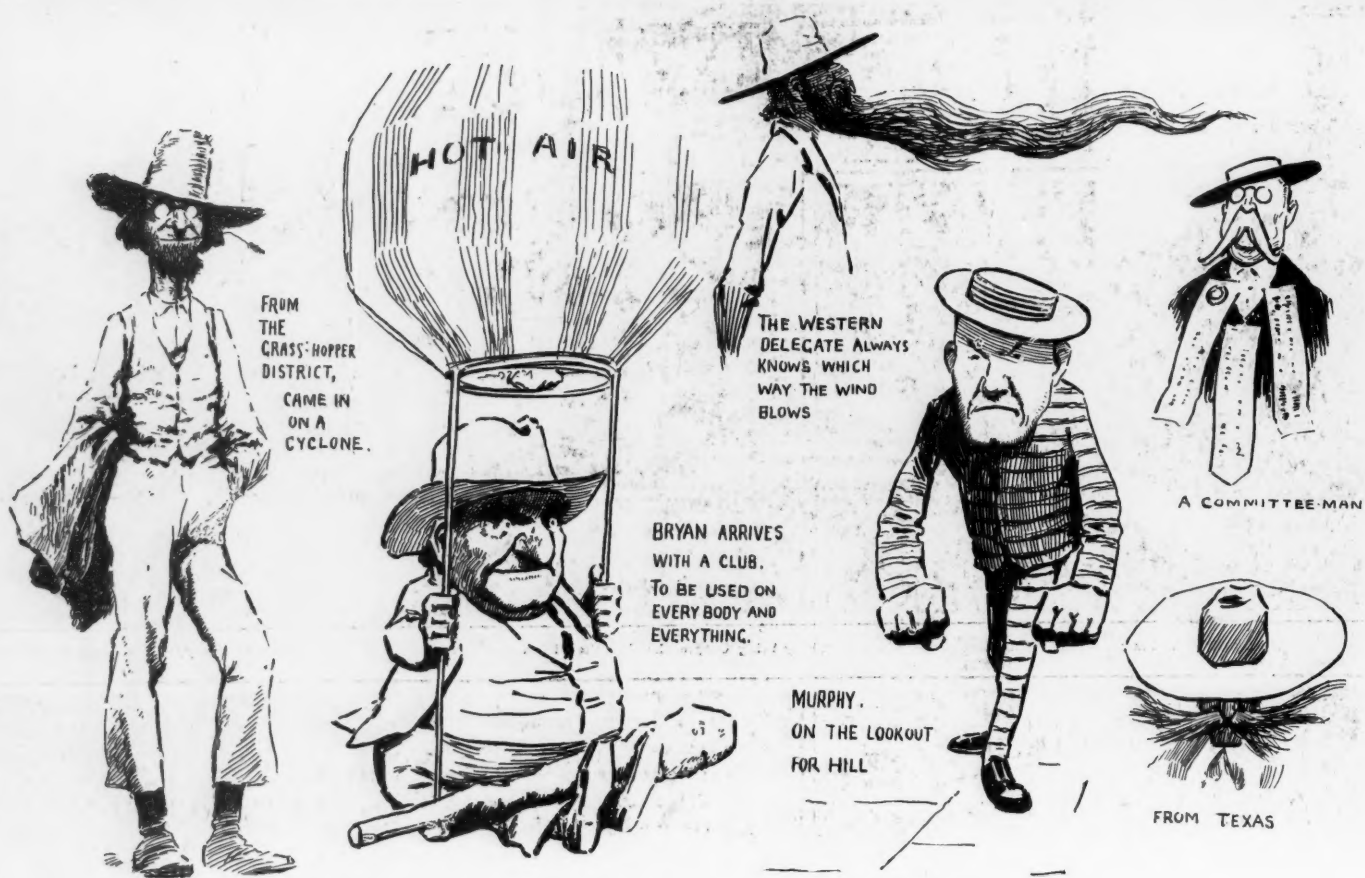
Jenatzky at the Starting Point

They passing through Eschenbau

The Kaiser watching the Race

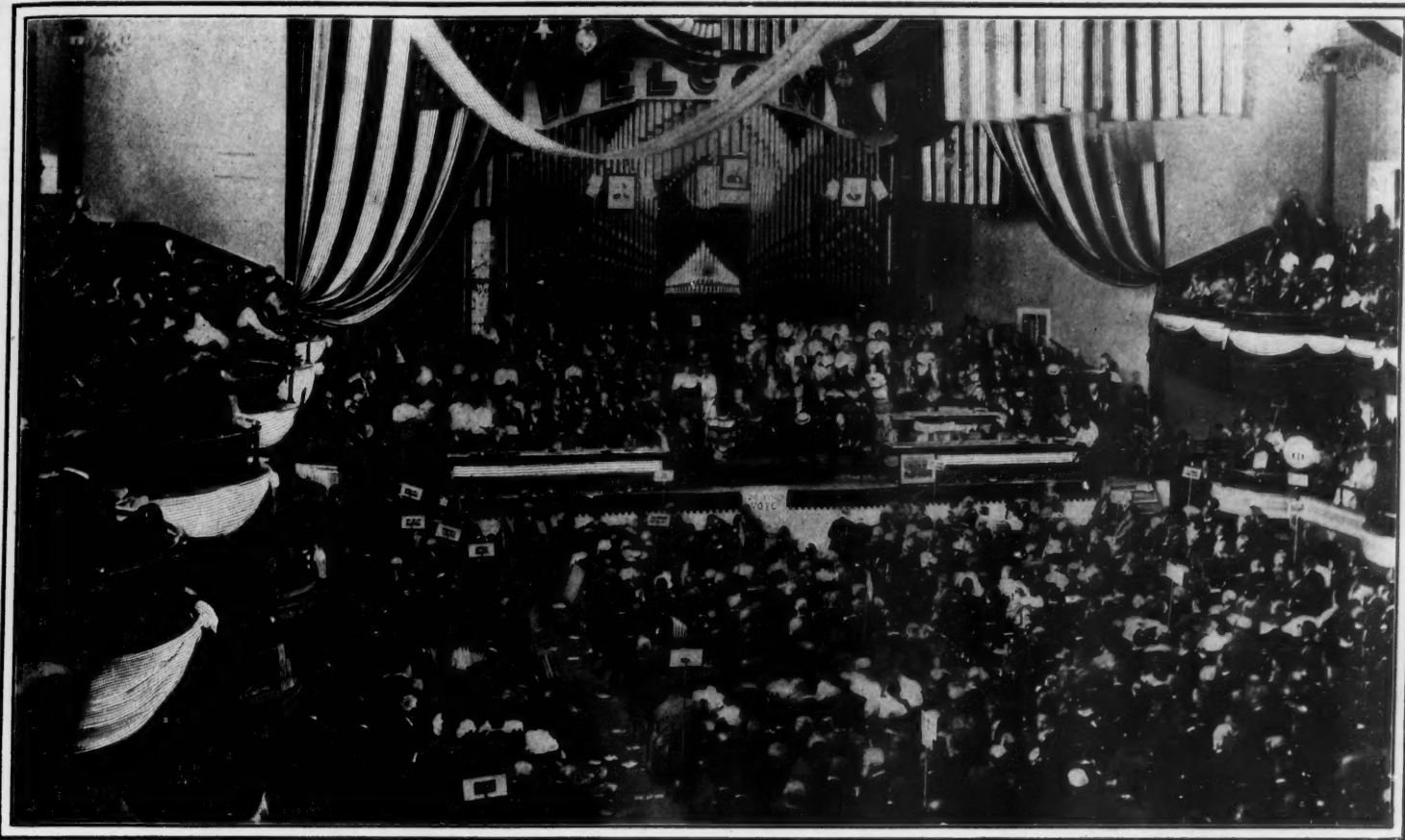
THE INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE RACE AT HOMBURG, GERMANY, JUNE 17

The course was 87 1-2 miles in circumference, and had to be covered four times, making the total distance 350 miles. M. Thery, a Frenchman, won by 11 minutes 18 seconds over his nearest competitor. Seven countries were represented, but no American cars took part in the race. The winner's time for the full course was 5 hours 50 minutes 3 seconds.



SOME DEMOCRATS AT ST. LOUIS

DRAWINGS BY E. W. KEMBLE



THE NATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE PROHIBITION PARTY IN SESSION IN TOMLINSON HALL, INDIANAPOLIS, JUNE 30

THE PROHIBITION PARTY'S CONVENTION

By JOHN G. WOOLLEY

Editor of "The New Voice" and Presidential Nominee on the Prohibition Ticket in 1900

THE Prohibition National Convention which closed June 30 made a marked impression on itself. The Prohibition movement is in the highest degree patriotic, but the dominant note in it is religious. The effect of great religious meetings on the participants is well known, and this great gathering of the clans of those who fight the principalities and powers of the liquor traffic ran up the party temperature to fever heat.

Indianapolis is perhaps the most convenient of cities for a rally in the interest of the temperance reform. An excellent committee had left nothing undone in the way of provision for the comfort of the visitors. The weather was delightful. The oratory was inspiring, and all things worked together for a good time to those who were bent on it anyway.

The delegates came with great expectations. They believed the Republican party had definitely and finally ceased to inspire confidence in those who place the emphasis of their politics on this greatest and most difficult of moral reforms. They believed the Democratic party had delinced into mere political material. They believed that the demand for civic betterment, especially in the direction of the cause to which they themselves were devoted, was increasing rapidly. They had no faith whatever in the rampant and dominant statesmanship that administers the government in the interest of big men and big money. They looked for a break in favor of the common people, and the enthronement of home-bred personal ideals in

political life, and the messianic moment of which they had long prophesied seemed at hand, or near.

The impression of the Convention on the public was even more marked. This was important in itself and in the reflex. These national meetings of Prohibitionists are always impressive for cleanliness, orderliness, and parliamentary ability; but the public, while quick and generous to show them the honor conceded to be due to earnest men and women in pursuit of a great purpose, has never taken them very seriously as a force or even a threat politically. Probably the average reader of a newspaper understands that a Prohibitionist is simply one who abstains from alcoholic drinks and meddles with the personal liberty of others. But this time it was plainly visible that public interest was aroused beyond the point of mere curiosity, if not to the border-line of apprehension, on the part of the old party press and the old party politician.

The explanation of these improved conditions was the possible candidacy of General Miles. He was known to be a Prohibitionist, and overtures by Prohibition party leaders looking to his nomination for the Presidency in this campaign had not offended him. The rank and file of the delegates took in the new man and the new situation simply, quietly, and unerringly. They knew the record of General Miles and passed him without any shibboleth. There would have been no question as to his being nominated by a nearly unanimous vote of the Convention but for the excessive caution of the national officers.

The South with sparse exceptions was, on second thought, inclined to be satisfied if not enthusiastic, and whatever sectional antagonism had showed itself in the beginning gave place in the end to a broad and prophetic loyalty that had nothing and would have nothing to do with the points of the compass or the hate dial of the Civil War. This final attitude was not hindered by the plain temper of the Miles delegates in favor of Mr. Carroll of Texas for the second place, although no such combination was formed or even suggested by anybody on either side.

The nomination of Dr. Swallow is distinctly gratifying to the party on the score of personal character, personal desert, and personal fitness to represent its ideals. No man within it is abler, braver, cleaner, worthier, but we have paid a staggering price for the harmony which he represents. We have not only lost the leadership of General Miles and the reinforcements he would have brought, in men, and money, and publicity, but what is far more serious, we have lost completely that *esprit de corps* which was the chief element of our strength. There has been many a hot debate in our Conventions, but never until now a corroding and progressive lack of confidence among the workers.

Two-thirds of the delegates were for Miles, but the official opposition was organized on the proposition, 'Anything to beat Miles'; and, precisely as in the old parties, the machine was too much for the people.

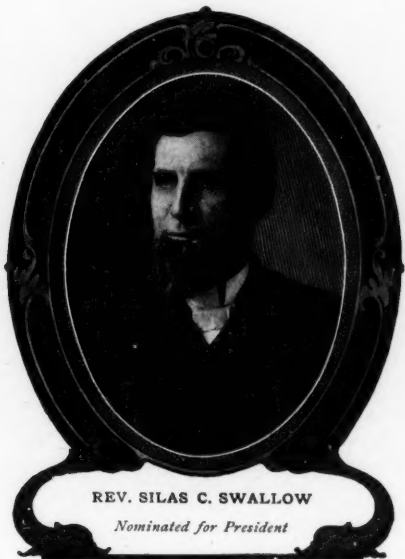
The opposition was purely technical. The national officers practically made the rule that the nominee should be pledged in advance to accept, whatever the platform might be, or whoever might have charge of

the campaign. But this would not have been enough to defeat the Convention if General Miles had not at the last moment directed the withdrawal of his name.

On the eve of the balloting General Miles was as good as nominated. The machine had done its best to make a platform upon which he would not stand, had organized the new National Committee in mid-Convention, had conducted the proceedings, even to the response to the address of welcome and the praying, against him, and as a last resort had planned to put the National Chairman in the field. This was indelicate as well as unfair, and it would have failed, so sound is the heart of the Prohibition party.

The hour for nominations arrived, the claue of the machine was stationed, but the sentiment was plainly and growingly with Miles. Just then a telegram was received from General Miles asking that his name be withheld; and after that it was the work of but a few minutes to come to an agreement with the opposition, and Swallow and Carroll became the ticket. General Miles had been badgered and cross-questioned until in disgust he had forbidden us to consider him; the presence of a "machine" was plainly felt, the best thing in the Prohibition party—the faith of the comrades in each other—was gone, and the greatest opportunity in its history was in ruins.

Then came out the feebleness and pathos of it all. It was moved, seconded, and carried that "the Convention do now stand and be led in a prayer of thanksgiving for the guidance of the divine spirit in its work."



REV. SILAS C. SWALLOW

Nominated for President



GEORGE W. CARROLL

Nominated for Vice-President



A NAVAL ACTION, AN

A Description of the Incidents and Workings of a Fight at Sea between Two Hostile Fleets

The action here described is entirely imaginary, but the description is based on facts gathered by an officer in the Far East and the article has special reference to the expected meeting of the Russian Baltic fleet with the Japanese main squadron.

IN the cabin aft—stripped of its shining wood and heavy furniture—the captains have met, and, under the Admiral, discussed the plans of the morrow and weighed the possible issues of the battle. The defects and weaknesses of the enemy's ships have been considered. The secretary hands around the memorandum describing the Russian vessels, and the little men scan their papers carefully. As they leave, the Admiral nods a farewell, half friendly, half ceremonious. They file out of the room, saluting the Mikado's portrait hanging in the cabin passage.

Decks have been sanded, sacks of coal are stacked around the base of the funnels, and mats of chain and rope have been suspended between the 12-pounders in the superstructure to lessen the effects of splinters. In the casemates housing the 6-inch quick-firers the shells are stowed about the guns in brackets, and big piles of cartridges are lying in protected nooks, ready for instant use; for when these guns begin firing at the rate of four shots a minute, and the 12-pounders are pumping some fifteen rounds a minute, the drain on the magazines becomes terrific. It is in order to be prepared against surprise that these dangerous piles of incased powder are kept about the pieces. Underneath the beams of the superstructure a hemp splinter net protects the gun crews from falling fragments, while the few boats—maybe a steam pinnace and a couple of whaleboats—are all covered with wet canvas as protection against fire.

The ship, once so spick and span, is bare and naked; all her yacht-like fittings and the shining brass of the quarter-deck have disappeared. She looks big, grim, and ready. The gay uniforms and the white gloves are missing. Instead, dirty figures in powder-stained clothes walk across the big deck, which has lost its snow-white beauty. The great ship is ready, and when a shrill note from the bugle awakes the figures about the guns, she becomes a living thing—a unit of fighting strength.

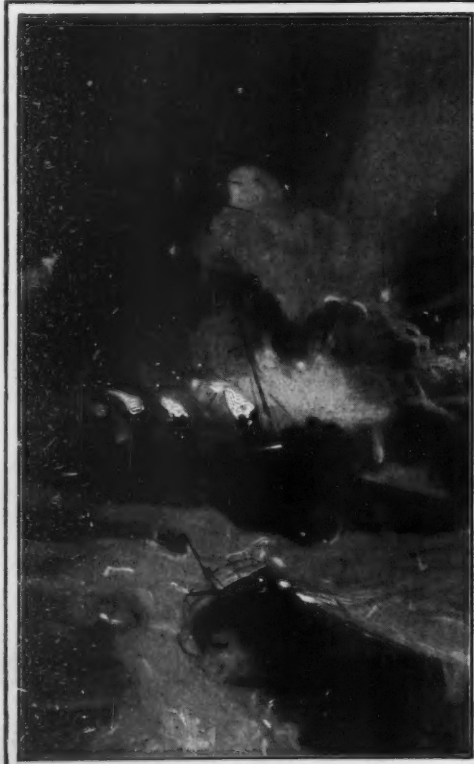
In the very bowels of the vessel small, naked men are feeding the furnaces. As the furnace door is thrown open a lurid glare penetrates the fire-room, outlining the maze of pipes and fittings on the bulkhead. The figure of the stoker throws a deep black shadow

on the iron floor as he fills the great fire, while the new coal crackles in the white heat. The coal is heaped in front of the boilers by the coal-passers, whose sole duty it is to keep the pile from diminishing. Bending over the heap, the swelling veins of his forehead mark nervously the terrific strain under which he works. The crash of the falling coal, the noise of dropping shovels, the hot glow on the toiling men, are all a part of this inferno below the level of the sea.

From the fire-rooms between the hot walls of huge boilers, passages lead through watertight doors to the engine-rooms, one on each side of the ship. The heat there is worse than in the fire-rooms. Shut out from air and sunlight, but in the lee of the protective deck, these immense engines breathe a rhythmical chug-chug at the command of bridge and conning tower. Quiet figures, almost nude, glide between the moving parts of pistons and rods, oil cans in hand. The warrant machinist is at the starting gear with one eye on the telegraph dial, which glistens under the glare of the electric light. The gong behind it rings, and before the echo has died the steam is rushing into the great cylinders with a heavy vibration which goes through the entire length of the ship. From the flagship bridge, some sixty feet above the swash that laps the side armor, the Admiral moves his fleet. Near him is the flag lieutenant and the ship's captain. The officer of the deck, the navigator, and the junior officers are at the engine annunciators. They are all on the fore bridge, right over the conning tower, whither the Admiral repairs when the action begins. Here the signals are bent or unbent, as the flag lieutenant passes over the orders of the Admiral to the "bunt tossers." It is "hoist" and "haul down," and the flags snap in the breeze in long, bow-like strings from the yards above. The Admiral, a dignified figure of great mental strength, moves his squadron without noise or turmoil. His orders are uttered in a quiet tone and executed in the same manner—sharply, and precisely, and without confusion. At the drop of a flag the fleet is again moving, and the black ships form into two columns, flanked by the swift cruisers and destroyers. The screws cut long lanes of white foam, which melts in the haze behind. Far off on the horizon there is a smudge—it is the smoke of the enemy's scouts. The hoods with their long guns are swinging from starboard to port as if they were searching for prey. The muzzles rise and fall at a touch of a button or a lever from the officer in the sighting hood, who



"A BLUEJACKET IS MEGAPHONING THE FALL OF THE SHOTS REPORTED BY THE MIDSHIPMAN IN THE"



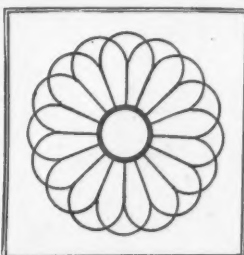
TORPEDO BOATS MAKING A RUSH AT THE ENEMY



1. Foremast fighting-top; 2. Rapid-fire gun; 3. Gun-finder; 4. 12-pounder rapid-fire gun; 5. Gun-finder; 6. Officers in the sighting hood; 7. 12-pounder gun; 8. Sinking torpedo craft; 9. The enemy's speed-cone, which indicates to the ships on the present speed; 10. The battleship; 11. Armored cruiser "Nisul in"; 12. Armored cruiser "Yashima"; 13. Ship; 14. Battleship "Yashima"; 15. Explosive

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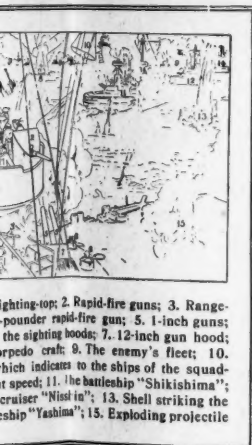
AND WHAT IT MEANS



By H. REUTERDAHL
Based upon Letters from a
Naval Officer in the Far East



A MIDSHIPMAN IN THE FIGHTING-TOP. . . THROUGH THE MIST THE SHIPS OF THE SQUADRON ARE SEEN"



1. Fighting-top; 2. Rapid-fire guns; 3. Range-
finder; 4. Rapid-fire gun; 5. 1-inch guns;
6. The sighting hood; 7. 12-inch gun hood;
8. Torpedo craft; 9. The enemy's fleet; 10.
A line indicating the ships of the squad-
ron; 11. The battleship "Shikishima";
12. The cruiser "Nisio"; 13. Shell striking the
ship "Yashima"; 14. Exploding projectile

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is carefully adjusting his sights. Inside the steel walls the crew bend over the shining breech-blocks, and for the hundredth time overlook the electric gear and its connections. The guns are loaded, and the ammunition carriage between them holds the next round of powder and projectile. Big electric fans are placed in the rear of the guns to drive out the smoke and saltpetre. Between them are the telephones to the conning tower and magazines. Should these be shot away, voice-pipes carry the communications. Various electric meters and gauges are parts of the machinery. Big tubs of water are kept underneath the gun, and breech and block are cleaned and cooled with wet sponges.

In the sighting hoods, one to each gun, the gun pointers train their pieces. To them the range of the enemy is sent, or telephoned from the range-finders on the bridges fore and aft, and sometimes in the tops. At the bottom of the 14-inch barbette, which incloses the entire mechanism, and below the protective deck, is the handling-room, from which the charges are sent up from the magazines.

The captain stands beside the slant-eyed quartermaster, who turns the wheel of the steam steering gear. The Admiral is still outside on the platform. The view outside is better; it allows of a stronger grasp on the fleet. Near him is his flag lieutenant with the lead-covered signal book. As the Admiral enters the conning tower he looks down pityingly into the superstructure, where the quick-firer crews are awaiting the signal to commence firing; they are almost without protection.

A tongue of flame shoots from the forward 12-inch gun and a black dot curves through the air. With a crackling sound the 6-inch battery blazes over the water, covering it with a green pasty smoke, which soon reaches high above the fighting-tops, which are literally squirting streams of steel into a sneaking torpedo craft. A bluejacket is megaphoning the fall of the shots reported by the midshipman in the fighting-top. There is no shouting, no excitement. The little men move as if part of one machine, and when one falls another steps in to take his place.

The range is decreasing. The range-finders report 4,000 yards, and at that distance the 12-pounders begin their havoc in earnest. The superstructures, the open gun-ports, the men in the tops, are the target for their murderous fire. Through the mist the ships of the squadron are seen like big black blotches, and over the yellow haze great smoke clouds roll out of the funnels. The seas are torn by the shells. Over all hangs a sickly, faint smell of the saltpetre, which stains the faces and uniforms of the men. The flagship is leading and is

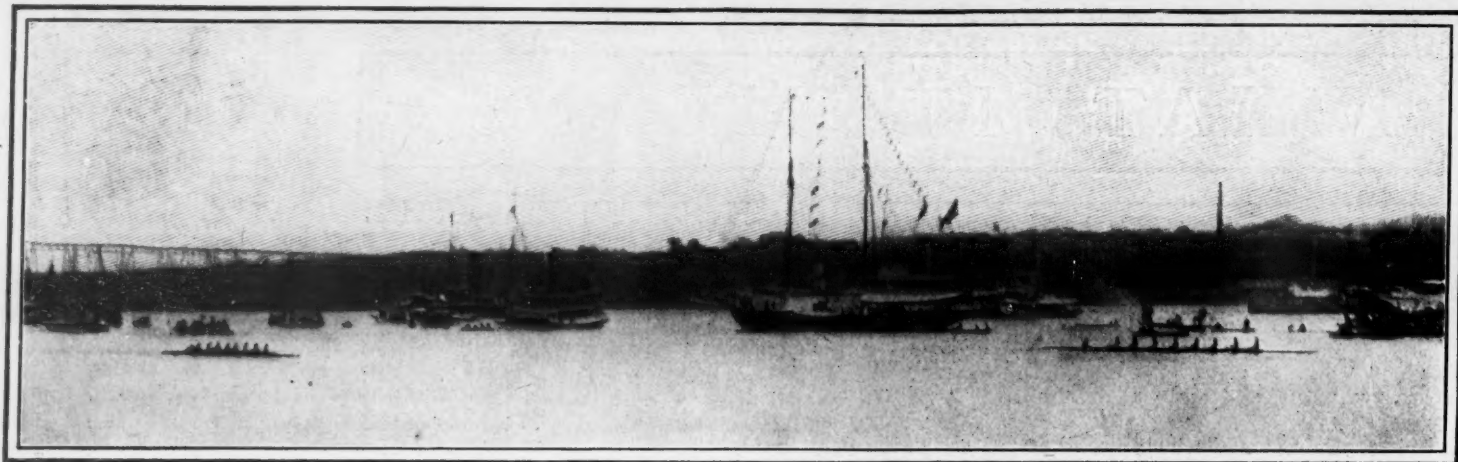
nearing the enemy's centre, and on her the hottest fire is directed. A bursting shell striking the bows rips up the deck and throws the anchors into the sea. The gun crew of the forward 12-pounder is instantly destroyed; a cushion of air sweeps by the conning tower, knocking down the messengers near it, who are killed by inhaling the fumes of the bursting charge. Meanwhile the "idlers" of the ship are collecting the wounded, bringing them down below. But many hobble their way back to the guns. An intense heat penetrates the batteries, and the gunners are hidden under the smoke. Sinewy hands grip the projectiles and cartridges, and as the breech-blocks close with a snap the gun pointer bends over his sights, and by a press of his fingers the shell leaps ahead, throwing the gun back in recoil.

Through the openings in the smoke the enemy's line looks broken. Their fire is less rapid, but better directed, than before. The shells soar and whirl in the air with the noise of a runaway locomotive. Some of the hulls are almost hidden behind the great jets of water that the spent projectiles raise. Here a mast disappears, with its black fighting-top tumbling down on a torn deck with a smashing thud. As it falls it looks as if a catapult had tossed its crew high into the air. They drop behind the ship and scatter in the water. Funnels split in twain, and behind the jagged edges the smoke shoots upward, forced by the steam of a disabled boiler.

The turrets are jammed and useless, and only from amidship there seems to be an effort to answer the fire. The conning tower is one mass of ruin under the collapsed bridge. Some figures stand on the after bridge; one is wigwagging a signal to a cruiser far astern. The red dot in the flag moves frantically up and down, as if calling for help. An armored cruiser, her torn sides spitting fire, is the last ship in the column. Of her nothing can be seen save her white ensign, which is fouled by the broken spar of the wireless. Her fire suddenly ceases; she reels and her guns sway to and fro. As she sinks, the great red bow glistens in the air. Far down toward the horizon a cruiser is fleeing as fast as her mended steam-pipes permit. The battle is almost won, and with that the command of the sea. Outside the conning tower stands a limping man in torn clothes. Two officers are leading him over the wreckage of the fallen bridge. His life is wrecked—the concussion from a shell striking the conning tower has paralyzed him. He is without speech, but the battle is his.



RUNNING ALONGSIDE THE FLAGSHIP FOR ORDERS



Cornell

The Syracuse Varsity Crew winning the Intercollegiate Race at Poughkeepsie, June 28

Syracuse

THE POUGHKEEPSIE AND NEW LONDON BOAT RACES

By ARTHUR RUHL

THE summer of 1904 will long be remembered by the colleges whose crews meet on the Hudson at Poughkeepsie as the year in which Syracuse swept the river. The victory of the Syracuse eight in both the freshman and varsity races over Cornell and the other four crews who hopelessly attempted to compete with them was the most unexpected and most interesting result of the past rowing season. It was a victory as convincing as it was surprising, and as nobly fought for as it was brilliant. When the Syracuse freshman eight, after crossing the line a winner, kept on rowing at top speed for nearly a quarter of a mile, as though they could have kept up the pace for the rest of the afternoon, and when the Syracuse varsity, after rowing such a four-mile race as is rarely seen at Poughkeepsie or New London, and beating Cornell by two lengths, swung their arms and cheered with as much vigor and enthusiasm apparently as the idle spectators in the observation trains who had nothing else to do, it meant not only that Cornell was dethroned, but that in the short space of an hour the crews of the up-State college, where rowing is almost a novelty, had won the right to be reckoned in the same class with those whose rowing traditions stretch back for years and years—meant that Syracuse stands now side by side with Cornell and Harvard and Yale.

The story of the two races is long ere this familiar to all those who follow the work of the college crews. Cornell won the first event of the day—the four-oared race—with ease, and with all that tantalizing dignity which Courtney's slow stroke and "sneaking" recover give to a winning Cornell crew. Cornell caught the water first in the freshman race, led by half a length at the half-mile mark, and to the crowd in the observation trains and dotting the banks of the Hudson all along the course the race seemed all over but the shouting.

Then the Syracuse youngsters began to hit up the stroke. At the five-eighths mark they were only three feet behind; at the mile mark they were half a length ahead. Rowing 32 strokes to the minute, until the last quarter, when they effervesced into 37, the Syracuse eight increased their lead to two lengths, and with that they crossed the line—fresh as paint and scoring for their college her first victory on the river. Pennsylvania and Columbia, soundly beaten, finished respectively about 6 and 16 seconds behind Cornell.

The Six-Crew Race on the Hudson

There were six eights in the varsity race—Cornell, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Georgetown, Columbia, and Syracuse. The order in which these names are arranged represents approximately the popular impression before the race of what would be the order at the finish. Before the race Syracuse was almost ignored.

At the starting signal, Syracuse caught the water first and she had a lead of nearly a quarter of a length at the end of the first furlong. She was rowing a very long and very fierce stroke—about 32 to the minute. Cornell came next, rowing 30, and the rest were behind. At the mile mark Cornell sprinted, crept up and up, and finally barely lapped the Syracuse shell. Hitting the stroke up to 36, however, Syracuse held her own, and at the mile and a half mark she was once more a quarter of a length ahead. Cornell never got within striking distance again. In the last two miles Syracuse, still rowing her very long and fast stroke, increased her

lead to a good two lengths, by which she won, finishing as fresh as the freshmen did before. Cornell rowed beautifully until the end, but her crew were all out as their shell crossed the finish line, and there was no doubt at all that she was soundly beaten.

The Syracuse stroke, like Yale's, was a long one, both fore and aft, but the noticeable feature of it was the extreme length of the full reach. Packard, the Syracuse stroke oar, reached forward until his shoulders seemed to be almost on a level with the gunwale of the shell. He could not have reached any further. The rest of the crew were only slightly less extreme in this stretching out for the water. Notwithstanding this extreme reach and the long time that the oars were in the water, the stroke was kept up to 32 or faster throughout the whole four miles. It was, in short, a stroke that no crew except one with an unusual amount of strength and vitality, and in the pink of condition, could ever have maintained. That the Syracuse crew did maintain it and finish as freshly as they did is strong testimony not only to their strength but to the masterful manner in which Packard kept them up to their work.

Syracuse has a Wonderful Crew

Coach Ten Eyck, to whom a good bit of the credit for the Syracuse victory is due, says that in Packard Syracuse has one of the best stroke oars in the country. There is no doubt of it. To those who saw Packard during the first half mile—rowing with that exaggerated reach and tremendous lunge up and back that a stroke might use in the last few hundred yards of a close race—it seemed impossible that he could last out the heartbreaking four miles. He pulled as though he were rowing the boat alone. Packard did last out, and so did the seven men behind him, and they forced the fighting to the last. It was a sight that must have filled the bosom of every son of Syracuse with pride. It certainly stirred the fighting blood of every man who saw it.

Yale did on the Thames what Syracuse had done on the Hudson, and of the three races between the traditional rivals, the four-oar was the only one that Harvard managed to win. Except for the fact that Yale was a two-to-one favorite in the varsity race, the likeness between her contest with Harvard and Syracuse's race with Cornell was extraordinary. In both races the crew which was defeated rowed in as perfect form as the crew which won; indeed, Cornell's body work and general watermanship was plainly superior to that of her victorious rival.

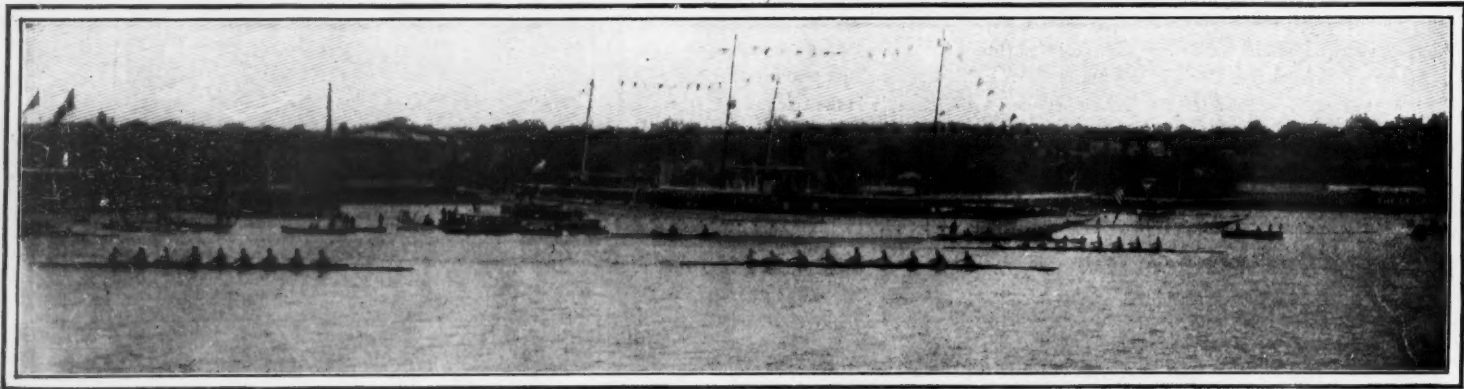
In neither race could defeat be explained by the collapse of any individual oarsman, by any accident, or by any instance of faulty rowing. Both Harvard and Cornell finished out the four miles strong and perfectly. The crews which were defeated, both rowed a stroke in which extreme reach and extreme pulling through were subordinated to the task of making the shell run smoothly between strokes. The crews which won both used a more vicious "get-there" stroke in which the finesse of a "sneaking" recover was more or less forgotten in the sheer strength and vim thrown into the rowing. It is easy enough to say that it was

the long swashbuckling stroke that won; but it is hard to get round the fact that the same Courtney stroke which lost this year has won all the aquatic honors of Cornell, and it was while rowing this stroke that a Cornell crew swept over the fastest four miles ever rowed in American waters. The Syracuse and the Yale strokes may or may not have been superior to the strokes used by this year's Cornell and Harvard crews; the thing that won the race at New London and at Poughkeepsie was the aggressive vitality and extraordinary vim and dash which each winning crew had. Yale might have displayed considerably less perfect watermanship and still have won. The Harvard crew had no life and it had displayed none during all its months of training, in spite of its perfect form. This fourth dimension—call it "snap," "vim," "life," or what you will—can not be trained into a crew which does not possess it temperamentally any more than you can train ten-second "speed" into a man who is not a born sprinter. As it was, the race at New London and that at Poughkeepsie were merely contests between two machines, one of which was merely the perfect machine, while the other was the perfect machine plus this fourth dimension.

The story of the Yale-Harvard varsity race is a very simple one. Yale went to the front and remained there. After the first half-mile the race became a procession. The varsity four-oar race was won by Harvard; but as one of the Yale four broke his oarlock in the last quarter-mile and had to stop rowing, the victory was a hollow one. The freshman race the day before was one of the finest races ever seen at New London. The shells were side by side from start to finish, Harvard leading slightly most of the way; and it was not until the last quarter-mile that the Yale freshmen pluckily urged the nose of their boat a scant ten feet beyond that of Harvard. The finish was so close that the crowds on the observation trains did not know who had won until the judges had announced their decision.

Bad Management at New London

There was rain at Poughkeepsie and rain at New London, and what with wind and rain and mismanagement the greater part of the thousands who had come to see the Yale-Harvard varsity went home disappointed. After a series of delays and postponements the varsity race was postponed just as twilight was falling to the following morning. Had there not been interminable and inexcusable delay in starting the freshman race in the morning of the first day, there would have been no need of even the first postponement. The perfectness of the arrangements at Poughkeepsie was, this year, and always has been, a matter of comfort and satisfaction to those who went as spectators. Every detail was looked after—even the stakeboats were lined up by a surveyor's transit from the shore just before the race. Tradition and sentiment so envelop the annual Yale-Harvard race that it is a rather graceless task to make a fuss about such things as train schedules, stakeboats, and official programmes. And yet when thousands of people are put to such unnecessary discomfort, embarrassment, and disappointment as was endured by this year's audience, it is decidedly obvious that a more intelligent ordering of details and a more responsible executive are needed at New London.



Wisconsin

Georgetown

Columbia

Pennsylvania

The Struggle for Third Place among the Varsity Crews of Pennsylvania, Columbia, Georgetown, and Wisconsin at Poughkeepsie, June 28

The BLOODING of a GRIFFIN



By W. A. FRASER
Illustrated by MARTIN JUSTICE

BRYMNER-SMYTH was Sub-Inspector of Police at Jacobabad, Beluchistan. He was also a Griffin, because youngsters in the service are so called. A Griffin costs his Majesty many sovereigns landed in India, so he is allowed seven major mistakes, and many minor ones, before he is cast from the centres of utility, labeled a "King's bad bargain," and sent away to test climatic influences. And Brymner-Smyth all but rolled his seven major mistakes into one at the time he was tried in the Sibi Desert.

When Killock sent word from Hindiput that the Pathans and coolies were in mutiny, he was sent with six Punjabi police to put matters right.

The military railway, slowly crawling toward the Bolan, had as yet reached but to Jacobabad, so the police and luggage were attached to camels, and Brymner-Smyth rode his Beluchi mare to Hindiput, eighty miles away.

And because he was just a man-boy, inebriated with the elation of his first responsibility, the barren Sibi Desert, that men call a godless waste, was to him that morning a field of cloth of gold. Pathans, and looters, and mutinous coolies hold prospect of promotive service. He would be a *Bara Sahib* at Hindiput too—the one in charge.

The way lay over a Dead Sea; the breast of earth was barren and without fruitfulness; the horse's hoofs bit into the soulless sand with a slipping crunch; it was a blaring mirror that reflected in his face the fierce heat his helmet shielded from above. His throat closed utterly, and his lips corrugated into file-like ridges of crinkled parchment; even behind colored glasses his eyes fevered into redness. But these things, one and all, only gave the Griffin joy, for was it not the toil of emancipation?

In the afternoon of the second day he drew into a land beautiful; lakes of blue water, turquoise charms set in tawny gold; swaying palms traced like giant ferns against green hills that held, higher up, purple-hazed valleys; and slow-crawling down from the hills came camel-caravans wending toward a city that must be Hindiput.

Eagerly Brymner-Smyth pushed his lean ewe-necked mare toward the land of promise; but with the coyness of a maiden the vista shrank before his roused desire; and presently, without reason, the wondrous art thing that was a mirage blurred in the trembling heat that quivered in the desert furnace, and he stood at the elbow of Hindiput; there, in a grassless waste, a dozen mud-walled huts, flat-topped by corrugated iron, hotbeds of ophthalmia, was the white-robed city he had seen in the mirage.

At Jacobabad the Griffin's messmates, prolific in unwise humor, had enlarged upon the charms of Hindiput; priming the innocent one with false tales of Rajas' palaces and Trade Bazaars.

The traveler slid from his roach-backed beast, rubbed his eyes inquiringly, and then, in the fulness of his disillusionment, swore softly at the uncertainty of things in India, and the misuse that had been made of his credulity.

Then he passed to a house which rose above the others; this might be a mirage or the habitation of Killock.

As he stood in the door, a large matter of flesh swung itself from a *charpoy* and confronted him. It was Killock. And on Killock were these things—a short-sleeved banian and a pair of voluminous khaki trousers, that, like a ram's horn, chronicled their age by wrinkles.

And the man-boy with the riveted name, which was a caste mark equal to the Brahminical thread, sighed as the final mirage of a social Hindiput curled up and departed before the burly figure that was coffee-brown and huge of chest.

That was the beginning; but progression was worse. It was as though fate had stabled together a thoroughbred and a rhino.

Brymner-Smyth tied a tag of identification to the huge man which read "Navy Killock," and Navy Killock spent a day and a night—for he was sluggish of thought—over his black pipe before he evolved for the Inspector "Lord Bobby." But when the name came there was no doubt about its applicability.

"E puts on airs like a bloomin' lord, an' 'e's nothink but a bloody cop—that's what 'e is, Mister bloomin' Smith-Bounder—Lord Bobby, I'll call 'im." Then he took a swig of gin and it was settled.

It wouldn't have mattered so much had there been anything for the Inspector to do, but there wasn't; his mission was inaction, which is the father of curses in India. The turbulence of the natives was but a fantasy of Killock's gin-heated imagination. He had harked back to his primary condition of life over a work discussion with some Marwari coolies, injudiciously seeking to make the matter clear to their understanding with his fists; they, being men of Marwar, took up the matter with cudgels. That was all there was to it.

Killock had been born in a caul of economy, and he had tortured this virtue till in his case it became a vice. Whatever the Griffin was in the way of verdancy, he was above meanness; and Killock, taking him as legitimate prey, drank his liquor and smoked his cheroots, and ate his provisions, until the boy walked to one side in the desert at night, and lifted up his voice to the sky that was knee-deep in stars: "Hindiput and Killock—Killock and Hindiput! My God! was there ever such a combination!"

In the Navy's bungalow, beside a thermometer, hung a penciled record with a long row of figures running from 100 to 121 in the shade—a temperature which might have set two holy fathers at each other's throats, and the Navy's covetousness and greasiness of thought added five degrees to this Sheol.

Brymner-Smyth's hyphenated name, insignia of all that Killock was not, proved an irritant, a fly-blister of utterance.

"Mister Bloomin' Smith—that's wot 'e is," Killock told his pipe; "it's too bloody 'ot to wear a hovercoat on a bloke's name."

The truth was, Killock couldn't master it at all. "Brimmer-Smith, Captain Brim-Smith"—a dozen such entanglements the Navy landed in when he essayed the real thing. When he was gin-loaded, which was always in the evening, he fell back on plain "Mister Smith."

When the Griffin remonstrated with serious gentleness, Killock retorted: "Wot th' 'ell's the difference in this blowed 'ole? Jus' leave the double-breasted name 'angin' on a ppg with yer dress suit at 'eadquarters; it's too 'ot 'ere fer style. Comfort's a heap better'n hetiquette, I sez."

But two white men bound together in a sandpit in a desert must foregather, and the Griffin tried cards as likely to render Killock possible at times. But the Navy thumped the table and blew the twang of his rank pipe into the Inspector's face; and the end of it all, allowed his fat fingers to manipulate the ivory counter past all toleration.

"Heavens! was there ever such a beast!" Brymner-Smyth confided to his *charpoy* as he threw himself on its rope-woven web the night Killock had cheated at whist.

The Inspector had sent a written report to Jacobabad by a Pathan on a fast-riding camel, with the uselessness of his mission at Hindiput enlarged upon; but Major Eustace shoved it into a pigeon-hole of futurity with a little contracting of his grim features.

The Major had a hobnailed liver, and Brymner-Smyth had been just a touch irritating with his unclimatic desire for endeavor. The India Office had a disconcerting way of sending out shoals of youngsters, as yearlings are sent up to the sales at Newmarket, and it was the duty of wearied elders in the service to deposit them in harmless places. The Major had done fairly well by the Griffin that came his way, in side-tracking him at Hindiput, he thought.

So Brymner-Smyth sat day after day on the bank of earth the coolies had thrown up from the huge tank they were digging, seeking to disentangle from the nebulous skyline a real camel-man bringing him orders of release. And always on the rim of one horizon a ball of white-hot metal shot into the air, and climbed, soul-searing, over their heads for hours and hours till it dropped from sight on the other rim. That was the ever-recurrent form of a day in Hindiput.

Sometimes Navy Killock would come and sit beside the boy, and, oyster-like, open up and vomit forth pearls of thought.

"Wot th' 'ell is the Gov'ment goin' to do with this 'ole in the ground—that's what beats me. They ain't no water 'ere, an' it never rains, an' I'm blowed if I see the good of a tank where there ain't no water."

Brymner-Smyth didn't know, and said so; and Killock, weary with the stupendous, unsolvable mystery, would wind up with "some hoffice bloke's got the hidea as a tank's needed 'ere, I s'pose, an' I reckons if they pays me my bit fer lookin' arter the job, it's no haffair of mine."

The Inspector might have remained marooned on the sands of Hindiput till in desperation he committed harakiri, had not a complication with tribesmen up Dehra way made a sudden call for men on the head office.

So to the waiting one came a blue envelope with orders to report at Dehra on the 20th. Also there was official inkling of stirring service ahead.

That was the 16th. Dehra was in the foothills, two days' march away, which left two days of Killock. No wonder the boy took a handful of cigars to the man who had worn his patience threadbare.

When he told Killock of his going, the Navy's pig eyes closed to a narrow slit. "That's a rum go, Cap'n Smythers. Who's goin' to keep the black *soors* from lootin'? That's wot I arsk the Gov'ment. They'll puckerow heverythink, an' if I hinterfere, wot do I git?—a bloomin' butcher-knife shoved hinto my belly."

The Navy swallowed a glass of gin, drew the back of his hand across his mouth, and squinted suspiciously at the Inspector. Had Lord Bobby been playing him double—been writing to get away without consulting him?

And as Brymner-Smyth swung back to his own hut, Killock, watching him going, muttered: "That blowed tof'e wants to get back where there's swells; 'e don't care if I'm killed, an' my ole 'oman an' the kids starve."

Then he looked at the thin penciled line of blood driven from the heart of the thermometer by the fierce heat till it rested atop at 117, and exclaimed, "God! wot a 'ole to fry in!" [Then he went out and hurled strange Hindustani oaths at a Pathan camel-man who understood only *Pushku*, which was just as well for the Navy.]

The record of Killock's gentle ways would be as useless in this story as the history of a river mugger's existence, were it not that no man could judge the Griffin when he did the thing that he did if Killock's part were left out.

On the next day, the 17th, two natives lay sick in the coolie lines, and Killock, whom the fates had ordained to the misplacement of all things, swore they were malingering.

But Baboo Ramchunder, the Bengali apothecary, diagnosed the cases according to the verbose method of his kind. "The pathology of their sick is vertigo, also prostration of appetite, because they absteme from rice," he said.

This seemed to settle the thing, and Brymner-Smyth thought no more of the sick coolies, because he was on the edge of going away and the things of Hindiput were things to be left behind.

At noon on the 18th his Punjabis left with the luggage-laden camels. They would camp over night at a *serai* on the road, and the Inspector, leaving before daylight next morning, would overtake them.

An hour after the Punjabis had left, the heart of Hindiput stood still with fear. Panic, that speaks all languages, that is as universal as a sob, touched the hearts of the Pathans and the Marwari coolies, the big, flabby heart of Navy Killock, and—and crept a little into the soul of the Griffin.

One man was dead, and the Baboo, who was a doctor out of courtesy of speech, had now discovered it was cholera.

"It is this way with the pestilential affliction, that when patient is defunct diagnosis is absolute, and cholera has smited Ram Baksh and also Dhiloo, who is his brother." Thus he summed up the startling situation.

The Griffin was but a boy, this we must remember. In battle he would have ducked at the screech of the first shell and ducked again until he had been blooded. His face went white, and his soul ducked at the Baboo's patter.

In an hour Hindiput was a deathtrap. The hot air vibrated with fear—the breath of the black scourge seemed in every man's nostrils. The Pathans fled with their camels, and when men sought conveyance they drew long knives and drove them off. Any one might have germs of disease on his person, and those who could get away sought to flee alone; to wander out afoot on the desert was worse than to remain.

The frightened ones had seen Ram Baksh, his blue fingers driven nail-deep into the palms of his watery hands; his bloodless lips festooned with the bubbling froth of death as he lay rigid as steel, his head and knees drawn together.

And the Baboo, great in incapacity, knowing not of the destroying thing, had given jalap, which was as efficacious as the sufferer's invocation to Siva the Destroyer for mercy. And another man was now on his back—either of fear or the scourge—and the natives were sore afraid.

Brymner-Smyth was practically a "casual"; in actuality he had removed himself from the office of custodian in Hindiput; his men were gone, and he was but one who ate and slept within its mud walls.

Sitting in his hut, the boy put this very clearly to himself. Then he passed to other things—to a vine-covered brick cottage in the Surrey Hills where a silver-haired woman prayed every night for his safe home-coming. That was something also proving that he was not of Hindiput now, and should follow out his orders and go.

Yes, he was afraid of the horrible thing; why lie to himself and say he was not? Was there ever any man who quailed not a little before this hydra-headed cobra that struck unseen?

It was like running away, though. Yes, again, why lie—it was.

Then the huge form of Killock darkened his door, and the Navy's voice, unsteady because of fear and gin, took up the boy's line of thought.

"Salaam, Cap'n Smyther—Brym! ain't this jus' orful—bloomin' orful I calls it!" The Navy dropped to a stool and drew his sleeveless arms across the top of his bullet head that was a lake of sweat fountains.

"Why don't y'u go from this 'ole, Cap'n? Wot's the use of yer takin' chances?"

"I don't know what to do—I ought to stay and see the thing through," the boy said with a query in his voice.

Killock tipped his huge body forward on the stool till his alcoholic breath blew a mist in the boy's face; his small eyes were like red beads in a yellow matrix, fear and cunning jostling each other in their narrow holding.

"Look ee 'ere, sir, 'tain't yer hoffee to fight cholera no more'n it's mine. Yer can't do nothink here but get tuk yerself; an' the Guv'ment wouldn't thank y'u if y'u was dead, would they? Y'u shift to-night, d'ye 'ear?"

"I must do my duty whichever way it lies."

The words rang true enough, but Killock's ears were adder's ears, deaf with the poison of fright.

"To 'ell wi' dooty! ain't you got no women-folks to ome—no mother or sweet-heart waitin' fer you?"

The boy looked curiously at the fat man who was full of unconscious tragedy. Had he misjudged the barbarian—had Killock really a good heart? He was soon answered.

"That's my hidea of hit. My 'ole woman an' the kids, they're a-livin' in a cottage hout Clapham Road w'y, an' there's roses a-bloomin' in the garden, an' mari-golds, an' the robins is 'oppin' habout, an' the larks a-singin'—that's wot she sens in a letter. An' be I goin' t' die in this 'ere God-forsaken 'ole, an' git planted like a coolie in th' sand, wi' rocks atop to keep the jackals an' hyeners from rootin' me hup? Nex' year I was a goin' 'ome—d'ye 'ear?—a goin' 'ome to th' ol' woman. That's where I wants t' die—in ol' Hengland, where they puts roses an' white flowers on a man's grave!"

The boy held his breath; the dreadful earnestness of the frightened Killock was dramatic.

"It's hin the water wot that pagan Pathan brings in his filthy leather bottles on his camels. That's why I've had me tot o' gin—I knowed it 'ud come. An' a man wot stays 'ere might be took in a hour. An' s'pose I'm took wi' it, th' niggers 'll clear hout—not a mother's son of 'em 'll come near a white man when 'e's took, 'cause they're white-livered swine. Y'u take my word fer it, Cap'n, you've got yer horders to go, an' jus' cut aw'y from th' bloody 'ole—it stinks wi' th' cholera. An' I'm goin' wi' you."

Brymner-Smyth knew—the silk purse was but a sow's ear.

"You've got to stay here—you're in charge," he said deliberately.

"I'm not goin'—'ow d' you make that hout? I hain't got no right t' stay 'ere an' die—I hain't no doctor; the Baboo's doctor 'ere—'e's paid t' take chances."

"But you're in charge of the Baboo; you keep the medicine chest. If you leave, he'll clear out. You're responsible."

"Responsible be blowed! Will the Guv'ment be responsible for my ol' woman an' kids if I die?"

"I don't know anything about that," Brymner-Smyth answered; "but you can't go with me. God, man, it would be deserting your post, and I would be a party to it."

"Desertin'! hain't you desertin'? You're like the *Bara Sahib* at 'eadquarters, 'e'll be at the mess drinkin' 'is hiced peg; an' wot does 'e care if I'm 'ere dyin' o' cholera?—no more do you. See 'ere, youngster"—and Killock clutched the boy's jacket—"we'll cut aw'y together. If you st'y 'ere you'll die, sure as 'eaven. We're 'uddled like pigs in a sty, an' wot one's got all 'll get. I'm caught hin a trap, I tell you. 'Ow'm I goin' to get a 'undred miles in the desert?—I'd 'ave sunstroke. Take me wi' you till we catch hup yer men—I'll pay hanythink you like fer a lift on a camel."

"Go back to your bungalow," Brymner-Smyth answered, "and let me think this horrible thing all out."

Killock obeyed without a word, and the boy went through a process that he called thinking. It was

hardly that—it was more like listening to the bells.

Even Killock had said he ought to go, and that was something; in reality, he was afraid—which was everything.

Panic impregnates the air with germs that poison every living thing that breathes them. So the boy, into whose being these imps of unreason had crept, groping blindly, became possessed of but two ideas: he would go away, it was his duty; and Killock must remain, it was his duty.

When it grew dark, Brymner-Smyth put the saddle on his mare and rode toward Killock's bungalow. He couldn't quite go away without speaking to the Navy; it meant another scene, but he couldn't help it.

The scene was a scene.

When Hindiput was without cholera, Killock drank much gin; now, because of the scourge, he poured it down.

It was little short of a madman that lurched from the bungalow, and learning from the Inspector's lips that he was to remain, called the curses of all gods, Christian and pagan, upon the milk-sustained babe in the saddle.

"I'm took now, I tell you," he said, "my ol' woman'll curse you to her dyin' day. There's gripes in my belly now as 'ud cut th' 'eart out of a ox. You're cuttin' hit—you're a hoffer as runs aw'y an' leaves a Tommy to get shot."

Fear guided the vocabulary of Killock. It veered him as the wind twists a weathercock; one minute the Inspector was to go, the next he was cursed for not remaining.

"I'm sorry, but my staying will do no good; besides, I can't—I've got my orders."

As he spoke the Inspector chirruped to his horse.



At sight of the Inspector, his dull, heavy eyes brightened

With an oath, Killock lurched forward and grasped the snaffle-ring of the bridle.

"Look 'ere, Mister Cop, I goes wi' you, or you st'y's wi' me. I hain't stickin' alone to th' sinkin' ship—'ear that?"

"Take your hand off the bridle!"

"'Ere, come hout o' the saddle!" and Killock's disengaged hand clawed at the boy's gaiters, fumbling for a fingerhold.

Brymner-Smyth leaned over the pommel, and the butt of his riding-whip landed on the gorilla-like wrist that was dragging the horse's nose to its shoulder. The Navy's arm dropped to his side, where it hung limp as a stocking on a clothesline. The mare swerved at the sudden freeing of her head and plunged forward. The boy let her go. In his ears the speed-the-guest of Killock: "You 'it me, you swipe! Come back 'ere an' I'll claw yer 'eart out, you cowardly swaggering bobby!"

The mare was galloping, and the passion words came in little puffs, and presently were obliterated by distance; the last sound reaching the boy from the mud walls of pestilence was "coward."

The mare's shoeless hoofs echoed the dismal word from the sunburned crust of the desert—"Cowardly-coward—cowardly-coward!" the galloping refrain, and all because the rider was handicapped with a lead-cloth of doubt.

In half a mile the mare shifted her forelegs and slipped into the shuffling trot of the country-bred. The road was a furrow worn by the pad feet of camels, reaching toward the Sulieman's where was Dehra.

The boy's head rested on his chest, thinking, thinking in a blurred way that led to nothing, his eyes seeing not the star-jeweled sky above that was a vast aigrette, almost musical in its brilliancy; below, the desert, gray in the night light, was like smooth waters.

As though he had slept in the saddle, without knowledge of the two hours that had gone, suddenly from the gray waste a blank mud wall confronted him—it was the *serai* wherein the Punjabis were to await his coming.

One of the men took the horse, and the Inspector,

scarce speaking, threw himself on his blankets and tried to shut out the scene that caused his eyes to burn.

Sleep! It passed without claiming from Punjab to Punjabi, and then mocked him from their faces of content.

Why did his mind wrestle with the problem he had settled—he was obeying orders? Also, he was a coward—some voice that was a lying voice screamed it through a hole in the mud wall, or perhaps it was one of the sleepers had said it, or perhaps it was an echo of the drunken Killock's voice.

Brymner-Smyth rose, turned low the lantern, slipped from the *serai*, and out on the desert; asked the stars—or perhaps it was the Arranger-of-the-Stars—for some sign that would smother to silence the voices of doubt. But in the book of stars is written nothing of Griffins, or cholera, or fear, and on the desert is stamped but Desolation. He went back to his blanket, his mind numbed to uselessness as a guide to right.

At two o'clock the desert trail cast something in at the door. It was a Beluchi camel-man, with a desire to talk of how the black scourge was even then at Hindiput.

Allah! whose name be ever blessed, but he had come near to disaster. He had stopped at the accursed village, and at once a Hindoo dog, a Baboo of animal descent, had besought him for conveyance out of Hindiput. The Sahib, fat, and a wine drinker, had been stricken—perhaps even now he was dead. Yes, the Baboo *hakim* had said the Sahib had cholera, and that he would surely die.

The boy had been asking for a sign from the stars, or out of the desert. It had been given him.

"Quick! saddle the mare!" he commanded.

"Huzoor, if the Captain Sahib goes to Hindiput, this evil thing will come upon the Sahib beyond doubt," his men answered.

"Will any one volunteer to go with me?" Brymner-Smyth asked. "Of the Sirkar's orders, you may go to Dehra; of my asking, will any go back to the saving of lives?"

But the Punjabis answered that they were men of large families—if they died their little babas would starve. Also the Sirkar's orders were to be obeyed, because they ate the salt of the Sirkar.

"Who is at Dehra I know not," the Inspector told his men, "but make report there that I have gone back to Hindiput because of cholera, and will come again to Dehra when—"

The boy stopped to think, and one of his Punjabis carried on the interrupted sentence with, "the Captain Sahib will come to Dehra in the pleasure of Kudah" (God).

Brymner-Smyth mounted his mare and rode back in the camel-rut that was a road, and fear had fallen from him and the panic had passed. He was blooded in cholera, and the problem was settled, and, hard riding, through his set teeth he prayed that he might come, in the way of atonement, to the side of Killock while still he lived.

The light was breaking as the Inspector, coming to the stricken village, met a white-clothed figure puddling along the road. It was the Baboo. The Bengali's jaw dropped in astonished fear when he saw the Sahib.

"Where are you off to?" Brymner-Smyth asked, as he pulled up his mare.

The Baboo blinked his big solemn eyes and wrestled with his wits for an answer.

"Deserting?"

"No, Sahib, taking constitutional."

"Don't lie—you're running away. How is the Sahib—is he dead?"

"Yes, your honor, he is defunct. Coma coming, and, notwithstanding injunction from me, Killock Sahib is taking copious draughts of gin, and then yielded up the ghost."

"And you got scared and cleared out."

"No, your honor. I'm a poor man, not learned with knives and fighting. And coolie mans telling they will kill because I give them bad medicine, they say. Because of that wickedness on the coolie mans' part, I have come out here to summon help."

"You're a great liar, Baboo," Brymner-Smyth answered, "and you ought to be kicked." Already he was forgetting his own fright that had been. "Come with me; we must do what we can," he added.

And as they rounded the end of Killock's bungalow they heard the dead man's voice calling, "Baboo!—Oh, I'm sick! Baboo!"

Brymner-Smyth looked at Ramchunder, and he, shifting uneasily under the glance, said, "Coma has passed, but the Sahib will defunct soon."

They passed into the house. Killock was on his *charpoy*, and the cholera had eaten up the repulsive coarseness of his form until he was gaunt.

At sight of the Inspector, his dull, heavy eyes brightened. "You—you've come back, Cap'n. God be thanked! I'm tuk—I knowed it 'ud come." He burst into tears and sobbed like a babe.

Brymner-Smyth put his hand on the sick man's forehead. "Don't give up, Killock; we'll pull you through all right," he said.

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"I'm done for," the Navy answered plain-
 tively. "God help us; my ol' woman 'll—"
 Then the sickness doubled him up, and for
 ten minutes he writhed and was sick.

The Griffin had a strong polo wrist, but he
 was a babe in the matter of illness.
 "Great heavens, Baboo! What do you
 stand there blinking for? Give the man
 something—he'll die on our hands."

"Yes, sir—I am cogitate diagnose for proper
 draught. Best authorities advise chlorodyne.
 But already, Sahib, I have given plenty big
 dose, and always the Sahib redelivering back
 again. Also, he is reproach most blasphem-
 ous."

The Baboo poured much medicine down
 the sick man, who now, subdued by fear, did
 not curse the physician.

Ignorant though he was of the effects of
 cholera, Brynmner-Smyth fancied that the
 Navy's bullock-like constitution was mak-
 ing a great fight against the disease; he
 certainly was not in the state of collapse the
 Baboo had pictured, and the boy's coming
 seemed to have lessened the fear that would
 surely have killed him, had he been left
 alone.

"Eavens, it burns!" Killock wailed as the
 liquid scoria singed its way down his throat.
 "I've suffered awful, sir." He lay still for
 a little, panting with the pain. The morphia
 element in the drug soothed him now, and,
 turning from his immediate fear of dissolu-
 tion, he harked back to what had gone
 before.

"I've been a bit rough, Cap'n, an' I begs to
 'pologize. All along o' the drink I called y'u
 a bloody coward, an' 'ere y'u are a 'ero, takin'
 chances o' th' cholera an' a-nursin' me. I
 don't want to die wi' no hard feelin's—"

"There, there, don't say anything," the
 boy interrupted. "You're not going to die
 —we won't let you. I lost my temper like a
 young ass, and I want you to forgive me."

"It was a-comin' to me all along o' my
 swearin'. If—if I pegs hout, ye'll see that
 heverythink is done proper, won't y'u; an'
 you'll send th' papers an' things 'ome to th'
 ol' woman?"

Then the opiate—the Baboo had adminis-
 tered the dose for an ox—drowsed Killock,
 and babbling sleepily of roses, and marigolds,
 and the "ol' woman," he fell asleep, and the
 boy, taking the Baboo, went to the coolie
 lines.

The frightened Ramchunder's story of mu-
 tinuous natives was, like the rest of it, all a lie,
 engendered by his fear of the Inspector's
 anger at his desertion.

And the cholera was spreading but slowly;
 three men stricken since the death of
 the first patient. With pathetic resignation
 some of the sick men's relatives still clung
 to them, while the other coolies were scat-
 tered about on the desert beyond the mud
 walls of the village.

The boy's hour of trial had passed, and
 now he had no fear. Ashamed of the weak-
 ness that had come to him, he was even reck-
 less. More than once the Baboo cautioned
 him as he did something for the stricken
 coolies.

As Brynmner-Smyth, followed by Ram-
 chunder, passed from one hut to another,
 he saw a camel swinging up the road from
 Jacobabad. Well he knew that easy pacing
 shamble—it was a Bikaner racing camel,
 carrying some one who came in haste. The
 long spindly legs wove in and out with the
 rapidity of urged speed, and in the double
 saddle, behind the driver, sat a European.

Brynmner-Smyth stepped into the shade of
 a hut, leaned against its mud wall and waited.

The camel raced to where he stood, and at
 a pull from the nose cord knelt with bub-
 bling remonstrance at his feet. Then the
 Sahib, whose face was dust-plastered till it
 was like a terra-cotta mask, flung himself
 from the saddle, and the boy saw that it
 was Surgeon Saunders from headquarters.
 "Abrupt" Saunders, as irreverent India
 called him.

"Hello! Gad, glad you're here, youngster,"
 the Surgeon cried eagerly, wiping the per-
 spiration from his forehead. "Knew you'd
 got the route, and was afraid you were off to
 Dehra. Half expected to find no one but
 dead and dying here—these fellows get pan-
 icky when cholera comes."

"How'd you know of it, sir?"

"Camel-man brought Khubber (news) to
 Jacobabad; s'pose he cleared out from it—
 I've ridden all night. Is it bad—is it pukka
 Asiatic cholera, Baboo—many dead? Any of
 your Punjabis down, Inspector?"

"My men have gone to Dehra," Brynmner-
 Smyth answered, and to himself he answered,
 "Thank God, I haven't!"

"By Jove, youngster, that's plucky!—sent
 them out of harm's way and faced the thing
 yourself, eh? 'Tisn't every Griff' would do
 that first time of asking."

The boy flushed and squirmed uneasily
 under the praise.

"It's a wonder you didn't bolt, Baboo."

Then also Ramchunder squirmed and
 looked apprehensively at the Inspector; but
 they were both in the same boat, and silence
 was a jewel-studded ring of gold.

The Surgeon unshipped the medicine case
 from the camel's back, saying cheerily, "Let's
 get to work, Baboo—where are the cases?"
 "Only three?" he said presently, when he
 had seen the stricken ones. "That's good;
 we'll check it. One will die sure, his spleen's
 the size of a Cheddar cheese; that itself would
 kill him. We may pull the other two through
 though."

"Also Killock Sahib is prostrate with this
 affliction," the Baboo said, when the Surgeon
 had finished his examination of the three.

"What! a European down? Where is he?"

Lead the way, Baboo."

"Yes, sir," Ramchunder answered as they
 made their way to the bungalow. "Inspector
 Sahib here is nurse Killock Sahib like his own
 female mother. Already the patient is de-
 funct many times of coma and complication
 if Inspector Sahib does not preserve his life.
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 and keeping from decease the sahib who is

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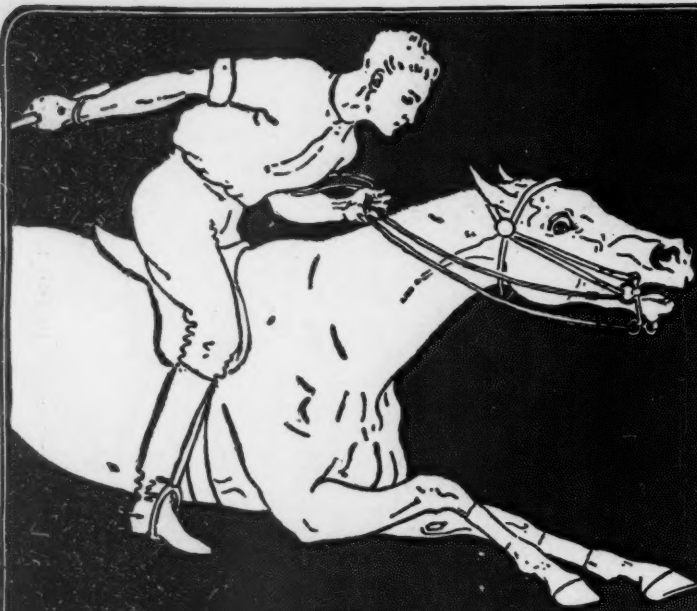
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inoculated with cholera. Also, I am make professional effort to save the patient."

Ramchunder was lying with tortuous facility to the end that Brynmor-Smyth might be mollified into silence.

The little Surgeon whisked about and said: "Gad, boy! this affair won't hurt you any in the Service—I'll take care of that in my report. I knew a cub once that acted differently."

The Inspector was in agony. He cried in despair, "Sir, I don't deserve—"

"Tut, tut, man—modest, eh? That won't do in India—not in the Police, anyway. If you'd cleared out you'd have got cashiered. You're here at your post, and that's the way it goes in my report."

"Yes, sir," broke in the Baboo hurriedly, for fear the Inspector would speak again, "also I am retaining official post, and every coolie plenty much afraid, too, your honor."

"In here, is he?"

They were at the door of the bungalow. The Surgeon stalked briskly to the *charpoy*, on which lay Killock.

Brynmor-Smyth waited breathlessly, watching the Surgeon's face. For days he had literally loathed this rough man, and now he felt as though a brother's life hung in the balance.

Three minutes of investigation, and then Saunders, facing about, his gray eyes piercing Ramchunder, asked, "Have you been treating this man for cholera, Baboo?"

"Yes, your honor; giving plenty medicine; because of this he is not prematurely deceased."

"Baboo, you're a confounded fool. This man has no more cholera than I have—he's got a bad dose of funk, and has lushed gin till he's nearly in the D. T's."

"Wot's that, Doctor—be'n't I got cholera?" and Killock, swinging his legs to the floor, sat up and blinked incredulously at the Surgeon.

"No, you haven't, worse luck. You've nearly stopped your heart going with gin and panic."

With a sigh of relief Navvy Killock fell back on the bed exclaiming, "God bless yer 'eart, Doctor, my ol' 'oman 'ill be glad."

And in the bungalow Fate had arrayed a safe trinity of silence, Baboo, Navvy, and Griffin.

□ □

THE GOD OF LOVE

By E. NESBIT

IT is not gold of rippled hair
Like corn-fields swept by winds at play,
It is not cheeks as fresh and fair
As apple-bloom at dawn of day.

It is not these that sing to Love
And bid him wake so sure, so soon,
That set the skies alight above,
And set him crying for the moon.

It is not heart-gold, pure and bright
As virgin gold in hidden seams,
It is not soul as clear and light
As sunrise in a poet's dreams.

It is not these that give Love food
And drink—the magic wine and bread,
That set, amid his solitude,
The enchanted garland on his head.

Love only knows one god sublime,
The trinity in unity;
And the god's names are Space and Time
And—Opportunity.

□ □

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A MAN was discovered in Coosa County, Alabama, last winter who had never seen the American flag. What is more, he had not the least perception of what it meant and was much astonished when this was explained to him.

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"That's the American flag, man. Haven't you ever seen the flag before?"

No, he had never seen a flag of any kind before. He had heard there were such things, and once he had seen a picture of a flag on a poster, but that was a long time ago, and he had almost forgotten about it. He had lived in the woods all his life and had never been more than thirteen miles from home. He wanted to know what the flag meant, and listened in silence when this was explained to him. He did not know how to read or write, and had never heard that the Fourth of July was any different from any other day.

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GOOD READING FOR SUMMER DAYS

By FREDERIC TABER COOPER

UNQUESTIONABLY this is an encouraging year in fiction, and one which, happily, is free from transitory fads. There is no dominant type at present, no special vogue of the Colonial novel, or the Zenda novel, or the novel with a purpose. It is an era of individualism in fiction, and if there is any definite tendency, it is a wholesome one, away from the sex problem and the hothouse atmosphere of London drawing-rooms and New York smart sets, and toward the big active interests of life—the world of politics and finance, of corporations and trusts and law courts, the virile outdoor life of the open sea, the woodland trail, the frozen North. Moreover, the fiction of the year bears the hall-mark of many sterling names. Winston Churchill, Charles G. D. Roberts, Ellen Glasgow, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman are only a few of the American writers who find a place in the list. And of the three authors in all England to-day who have admittedly shown the greatest promise, Kipling alone is unrepresented. Conrad and Hewlett have each contributed a characteristic volume—the former another of his splendid and virile sea stories, "Romance"; the latter, the most unique and finely wrought piece of verbal tapestry he has yet produced, "The Queen's Quair" (the Macmillan Company).

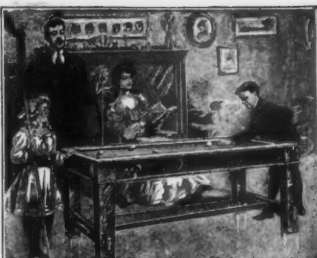
Every historical novel is necessarily something of a *tour de force*; but this story of Mr. Hewlett's is unlike any other historical novel ever written. It is unparalleled in its subtle and elusive blending of fact and fancy. He seems to have saturated himself with the contents of old diaries and chronicles and letters, reading clairvoyantly between the lines, and gleaming countless graphic little details that sober historians have somehow missed. He leaves you with the feeling that he has taken those faded, musty old documents, and with the magic art of a glowing phrase, the brilliant coloring of noun and adjective, has turned their dry, unadorned leaves into the exquisite beauty of an illuminated parchment. By some subtle touch he has made the dim figures from vanished centuries, the cracked and faded portraits of long dead lords and ladies, flash into sudden life; he has made them step forth from their antique frames, still clad in their marquerade of old-time garments; but their hearts are the hearts of the men and women of to-day. You can feel their riotous pulse-beats, you can see the rebellious flush of youthful blood. The Mary Stuart he gives us may not be our Mary Stuart—for to many the Queen of Scots is an idealized figure of romance, surrounded with a halo of poetic mystery. Mr. Hewlett replaces the mystery of idealism with the greater mystery of flesh-and-blood, the troublous witchery of sex, the allurements of tangible, physical charm. His Mary is a woman before she is a queen, a frail, wayward woman, moody and changeable; none too sincere, either—she has "the trick of the sidelong look"—yet, on the whole, more sinned against than sinning; a woman, he tells us, with a passionate need of love, yet one who might have ruled right royally had not fate decreed that she should be the toy and the caprice of unworthy men. All the famous characters of the familiar story, Chastelard and Darnley and Rizzio, the bevy of the Queen's Marys, Bothwell and the rest—names whose very sound seems to sing of the romance and the tragedy and the pity of it—pass before us in a glowing pageant; for Mr. Hewlett has wrought over this picture as over a labor of love, with a studied preciseness of word and phrase that has made the resulting volume resemble nothing so much as a delicately embroidered piece of cloth-o'-gold.

A Love Story of the Sea

AMONG the younger American authors, Mr. J. B. Connolly is making an enviable reputation for himself in his pictures of the life of Gloucester fishermen. "Out of Gloucester," when it appeared a year ago, came as a welcome surprise. It was so full of the salt breath of the ocean, the tingle of wind-driven spray, that you could almost smell the healthful ozone breathing forth from its pages. His new story, "The Seiners" (Scribners), is a worthy successor to the other volume, and to a certain class of readers, who do not care whether the scene is laid upon land or sea, so long as there is a love interest running through it, it offers the advantage of being a long novel instead of a group of short sketches. The plot, to be sure, is rather tenuous, being merely the rivalry between a handsome young fisherman and his former employer, a shipowner of evil reputation, for the hand of one of the belles of Gloucester. The girl, of course, remains on shore, while the greater part of the story takes place out of sight of land; but the last chapter ends in regulation fashion, with a betrothal. But the reader who loves the sea, the whistle of wind in the cordage, the toss and tumble of waves, will find in Mr. Connolly's book, quite independently of plot, much of that special kind of joy of living which is peculiarly the prerogative of the born sailor.

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courts offer in such generous profusion, for good, modern, stirring fiction. Legal tangles have, of course, served as plots for novels, from Wilkie Collins's "The Law and the Lady" downward. But this type is an altogether different matter from such a book as Mr. Hill's latest, "The Web" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). Here is not merely a specific story of a suit brought to expose fraudulent collusion between two corporations—a suit fought, step by step, with every formal delay, legal quibble, and unscrupulous device known to practice, and finally almost checkmated by a blackmailing scheme to expose a technical flaw in the divorce of a woman dear to the plaintiff, if he does not withdraw his suit—but more than that, it is, in its broadest aspect, a comprehensive picture of the workings of our modern law-courts, an indictment of their defects and sharp practices, a series of powerful and dramatic climaxes in closely contested causes, drawn so vividly that you feel, as you read, almost as though you were actually present in the flesh, witnessing the scenes which Mr. Hill himself has doubtless, in many instances, drawn very closely from life.

"The Borderland" in Book Form

PROBABLY no novel of the present season was awaited with so much impatience as "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill (The Macmillan Company), published originally in Collier's as "The Borderland." It would be interesting to know to how many of these it has brought a sense of disappointment. Yet there is no real reason why it should disappoint any one. It has essentially the same qualities and defects as Mr. Churchill's earlier volumes—the same well-learned, scholarly diction, the same careful picture of character and of scene; and, it may be added, the same suggestion of long months of painstaking research and elaboration. In an "Afterword" the author has explained the meaning of his title as an attempt to express the beginnings of that great movement across the mountains which resulted in the conquest of Kentucky and Tennessee. It is told in the first person by a lad whose earliest distinct recollections are of a meeting with his favorite hero, Daniel Boone, and who lives through many troublous and thrilling scenes, to grow up, love, woo, and marry, presumably to be happy ever after. But it must be confessed that the interest of Davy's career does not hold us with one-tenth the strength of that which we feel for the great historic movement that forms the background. The picture of the brave struggle of the pioneers against hostile Indians, and still more hostile nature, is one well deserving of all the patient industry that Mr. Churchill has expended upon it, and one could only wish that it was a little more spontaneous. There is always a slight suggestion of the midnight oil in Mr. Churchill's books, but in a book which is so wholly and necessarily an outdoor book as "The Crossing," this smell of the midnight oil is somehow more incongruous than in a story like "Richard Carvel."

New England Tales by Miss Wilkins

To those who appreciate the monochrome, etching-like tints of Mary E. Wilkins Freeman's New England sketches, her latest volume, "The Givers" (Harper & Brothers), ought to give a quiet but very genuine satisfaction. They are thoroughly characteristic, these eight sketches which make up the contents. There is one called "The Reign of the Doll," which tells of two old maiden sisters, hopelessly estranged for years, and living on opposite sides of the village street, their front doors facing each other; yet never speaking, until their desire to dress a doll for a neighbor's child awoke slumbering memories of younger days, and drew them together again. But the best of the collection is the one that gives it its name, "The Givers." There are a young couple, long betrothed, but hopeless of setting their wedding day, because he is a clerk at seven dollars a week and she is wholly dependent on the slender means of an elderly maiden aunt. Yet they have hosts of wealthy friends and cousins, and every Christmas they are overburdened with useless presents, bed-slippers that are not wanted, cigarette-holders for a man who never smokes, silver card-cases for a girl who has no cards and no leisure to pay calls. But at last, one Christmas, the old aunt, rebelling against the absurdity of the thing, bundles all the useless, expensive presents into a sleigh, and returns them with explanations more lucid than polite. The givers see the justice of her action, and the result is a new series of gifts, of a more practical nature, that render possible an early and very happy wedding.

A Handbook to Marriage

A book which is not fiction, yet which many a young woman who looks forward to a romance of her own will read with equal interest, is "When a Maid Marries," by Lavinia Hart (Dodd, Mead & Co.). It is quite problematic to what extent advice of this sort ever becomes profitable. The question, "When a Man is Eligible," becomes to every girl a new and personal question to be decided, not in accordance with any general principles, but in the light of a thousand individual details known only to the girl's own family, perhaps only to the girl's own heart. "How to Keep Husbands Home Nights" is a chapter containing much good advice, yet in practice, the right instinct, the right feeling, the right home atmosphere that comes from mutual love and confidence, are worth whole reams of theorizing. Nevertheless, good advice, although not always followed, is worth having in an accessible form, and these essays of the little trials of courtship and marriage commend themselves for their prevailing spirit of sanity, moderation, and sympathetic understanding.

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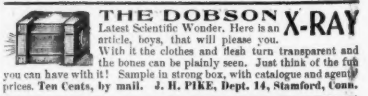
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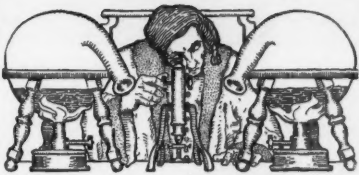
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NOTES OF PROGRESS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

A new filament made of the metal osmium may soon be used for incandescent lamps

CARBON is the classic material for the hairpin-like filament which gives the light in an incandescent electric lamp. Recently attempts have been made to find another material. Refractory earths, which, when hot, become conductors of electricity, have been tried with some degree of success. The metal osmium is now being experimented with and it has given excellent results. Osmium is a metal resembling platinum. The latter was one of the materials used by Edison in his earliest researches in the production of electric light. The osmium filament consumes but half the power per candle of illumination absorbed by the ordinary incandescent lamp, and has very great durability. It gives a steadier light with varying voltage, but droops if the voltage is pushed too high. Apparently it is difficult to make it of as high resistance as is desirable. An interesting feature of osmium is that it gives as much light as carbon, although less intensely heated; its luminescence is higher.

Sodium, with four times the heat energy of gasoline, feasible for automobile batteries

THE modern development of electrical metallurgy has been responsible for the cheap production of metals which but a few years ago were little more than scientific curiosities. Aluminum is now so extensively used that it no longer attracts attention, and metallic sodium has been reduced in price to a little over twenty-five cents a pound in England. If it were practicable to use sodium as the positive element in a primary battery, it might have important results for automobiles. It has been calculated that a pound of sodium has four times the heat energy of a pound of gasoline. As prices go, this would make sodium representing a given amount of heat energy cost about twice as much as gasoline of the same energy. But if a great demand for sodium sprang up, the price would naturally fall, and the sodium primary battery might become available. The automobilist would carry his can of calcium carbide for his lamp, and his cans of sodium for his batteries, both products of the electrical factory, one giving him light and the other giving him power.

Great Britain to supplant its system of weights and measures with the decimal method

THE House of Lords of the English Parliament recently passed unanimously a bill providing for the compulsory use of the metric system of measures. The law is to become effective April 5, 1906, or later, if it be so determined. Professor W. Le Conte Stevens takes the period of duration of a machine as ten years, and holds that this gives a space of time which could be assigned for the change of system. When an English system screw-cutting machine, for instance, had worked for ten years and was in fit condition to be discarded, it could be replaced by one cutting metric threads. As compromises he proposes the following rather ingenious measures. The yard is to be lengthened to the length of a metre. The metre is to be divided into four parts, each of which will be the new foot. The foot is to be divided into ten inches. For the pound the half-kilogram, for the quart the kilogram or litre of water, and for the ton the 1,000 kilogram metric ton are to be used. The difference of these measures from the English system measures is exceedingly small, except for the yard and foot.

The old-fashioned plumbing methods superseded by newly invented electric devices

THE freezing up of a water pipe has lost many of its terrors. A badly frozen pipe used to mean two or more plumbers, the digging up of pipes, the building of fires around the pipes, and all sorts of other troubles. During the cold weather of last winter numerous water pipes froze, but many of the old ills were done away with by means of a very simple device, depending on the heat generated by passing an electric current along a conductor. A wire was connected to the faucet of the frozen pipe, another connection made to a neighboring hydrant or the water pipe of a nearby house, and a current sent through the circuit. Since the iron pipe was a better conductor than the earth, the current passed along the pipe, heating it thereby. A service pipe 75 feet long could be heated to 145° F. by the passage of a current of 275 amperes with about 18 volts. Care was necessary to avoid too powerful currents, which would overheat the pipes and injure them.

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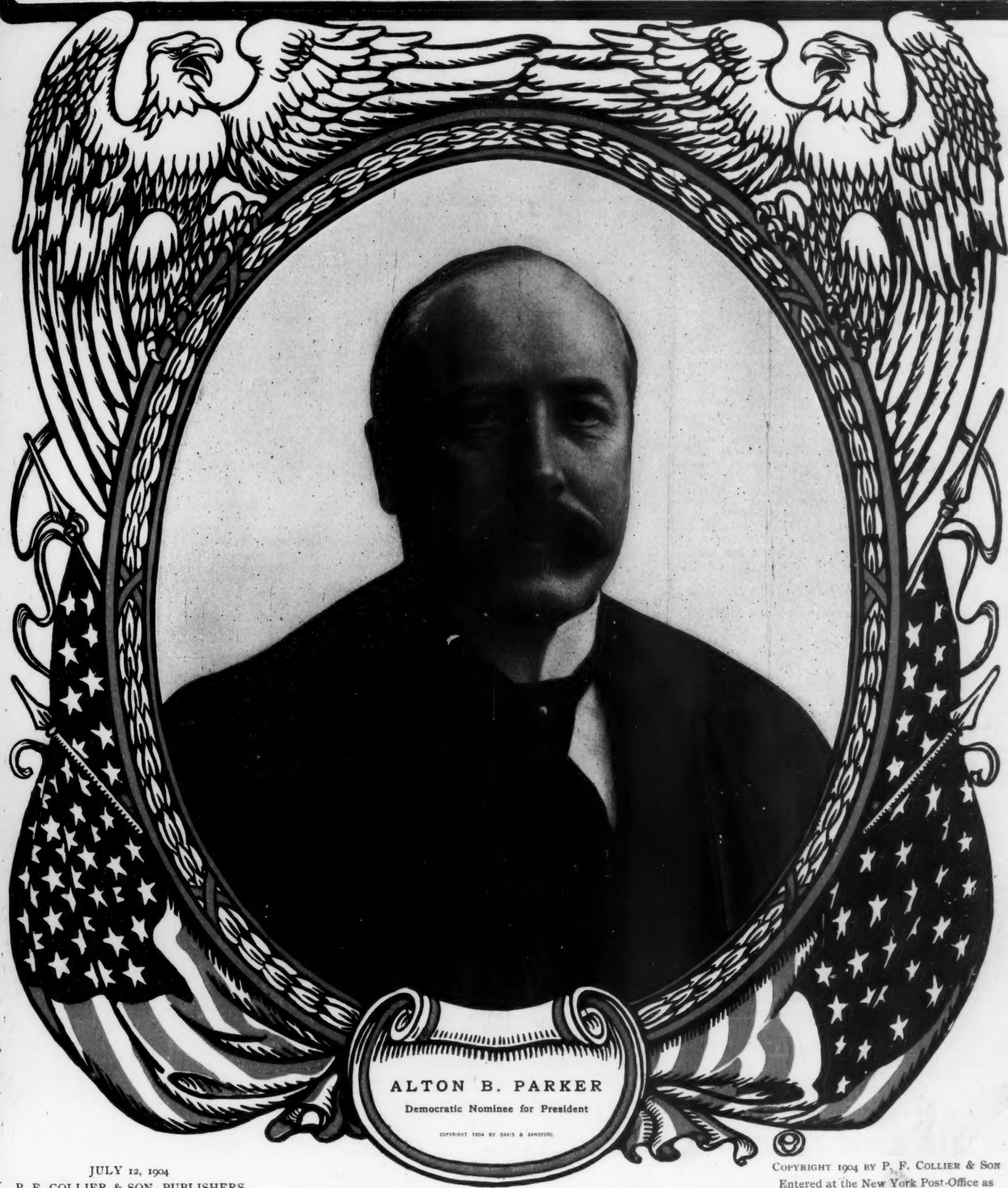
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Collier's

St. Louis Convention Extra



ALTON B. PARKER
Democratic Nominee for President

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JULY 12, 1904
P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS
416-424 West 13th St., New York

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THE GREAT POLITICAL DRAMA AT ST. LOUIS



Alton Brooks Parker of New York
Nominated by the Democratic Party for President

THE GREAT POLITICAL DRAMA AT ST. LOUIS

BY
WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE



Henry Gassaway Davis of West Virginia
Nominated by the Democratic Party for Vice-President

A **DRAMATIC FIGURE** is one which, being moved by some strong obvious force outside of itself, yet a force released by characteristics of the dramatic figure itself, hastens before the spectators' eyes to some inevitable doom. Rarely, in the history of recent American politics, has a figure appeared so thoroughly dramatic as that of William J. Bryan at the St. Louis Democratic Convention. He was the hero of the occasion, even though he did not triumph, and even though the sense and judgment of this country, that saw him struggling against the inevitable, was that he should not triumph for his country's good; still he was the hero, and because he made a gallant fight all felt instinctively and irrationally who saw him go down that he was the figure whom the spectators hoped would win. The whole interest of the Convention was centred not on Parker, the man who won the Presidential nomination, but upon the struggling leader being dragged slowly, and yet with tragically irresistible power, down to his pitiable defeat. In the tumult and uproar of the Convention, where ten thousand people saw him during the three intense days of the Convention, Bryan, who was constantly in the limelight, seemed as far from human help as a player on the stage. The situation was almost unreal. The supernumeraries came and went, organizing the Convention, calling its rolls, keeping it moving along a parliamentary course; bands played, and thousands upon thousands of men and women sat row upon row in the great amphitheatre, flicking fans and cheering, mixing in the play as a kind of huge Greek chorus, who passed from spectators to players, and again to players as the situation called them; the plot of the story moved on unraveling in action, as every one knew it would;—but through it all was the fortune of Bryan, the human interest that bound the whole nation, political friends and foes alike, as an audience watching a stage scene.

The Convention Hall

The stage was set in the big room where McKinley was nominated eight years ago. It is an oblong room where ten thousand people may look down upon a platform projecting into the pit, a kind of peninsula from one long wall of seats. A dingy yellow cloth ceiling hides the iron rafters that hold the high arched roof, and the coats-of-arms of States are set low on this yellow skyline, with much bunting covering the columns and festooning the woodwork everywhere.

Into this hopper people came pouring Wednesday noon, July the sixth, and while they waited for the nobles and lords and courtly *dramatis personae* to appear, the band, in a box high above the crowd, played tunes grave and gay, "Hail Columbia!" "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Ain't dat a Shame?" "America," "Bedelia," and the like, and the crowd murmured its faint applause, until the band played "Dixie," when a cry of joy swept over the audience and back and over again.

It was a noisy crowd, and given to rudeness. It would not be quiet and listen to Williams, temporary Chairman, speaking. The crowd thought he had a weak voice, and said so, when the truth is that the crowd merely had poor manners. It was all very like the first act in a play, wherein the people keep coming in and drown out the story of the situation which the housemaid is telling to the butler, upon which the whole of the action hinges. The people in the theatre know what to expect, and have heard most of the plot in advance; so the people in the big hall, and in the country at large for that matter, knew what the play was to be and merely showed John Sharp Williams the discourtesy of inattention to his story, though it was the keynote of everything that followed.

The First Guns of the Battle

But the next day, Thursday, July the seventh, the real action of the play began. Off the stage, during intervals between the acts, the Committees on Credentials and on Resolutions had been holding an all-night session. In the matter before the Credentials Committee Bryan had this interest—he believed that there was fraud in the election of the Illinois delegates, and, perhaps because his friends would be losers by reason of the fraud, he had announced, several days before the Convention assembled, that he would fight the seating of the Hopkins delegation. Also in Chairman Williams'

speech the theory was promulgated that Providence, by increasing the gold supply of the country, had solved the money question and had taken it out of politics. For eight years Bryan has been a figure in politics because he has believed and has constantly contended that Providence has not settled the money question by making a plenty of gold any more than Providence has settled the question of the inequalities of food in the land by giving the country big crops. Bryan, therefore, was known to be fighting the adoption of the Williams idea in the platform; and it was known by all the crowd in the galleries that if the Williams idea was introduced as part of the platform, as every one verily believed it would be introduced, Bryan would appear in the Convention and fight for his life. Also every one knew that there was an overwhelming majority against him.



David Bennett Hill
The Strategist of the Parker Campaign

This merely whetted the appetite of the people for the show. The fact that the lions would kill the gladiator never diminished the size of the crowd in the Coliseum. The great hall at St. Louis was jammed full an hour before the time set for the assembling of the Convention Thursday morning. The band played and played and played, and the people cheered at "Dixie" again and again. Fans quivered over the dark tiers of people like leaves on the aspen. There was a long delay. The Committee, men said, was not ready to report. That meant that a battle had been going on outside, off the stage, which intensifies the dramatic situation in every action. The people did not know which Committee was unread, they did not know which battle was still fighting, but they knew that there was combat in the air.

Ten thousand people in one room waiting to hear from a conflict outside that room and expecting to hear every minute will generate a tremendous psychic force. The band and the screaming at the familiar tunes, the heat and the fanning, only made the people nervous, and the flood of suppressed excitement kept rising. The hero was not there. The Nebraska delegation was assembled, but Bryan was absent. Men, therefore, knew certainly that he was in the fight. The subliminal attention of the vast throng—and ten thousand is a vast throng, such as assembled on the great hills of Germany in days when the savage clans gathered to name their chiefs and make their laws; the cheering at St.

Louis, over a band tune, or a trivial incident happening in the pit beneath the eyes of the crowd, was high-keyed and almost hysterical. The crowd was gradually lapsing, under the spell of suspense, into an earlier state of civilization, the centuries were slipping off the crowd with every five minutes it lasted. The drums and the screaming horns called back to ancient ceremonies, and the thumping rhythm fell upon the nerves of the multitude whose situation was fixed on the battle outside. The underconsciousness of that mob was slowly rising; it was primitive and barbaric.

Suddenly the figure of Bryan appeared in the hall going toward the Nebraska delegation. The man who saw Bryan yelled, and in an instant the vast throng was looking at the pit. It saw Bryan. The savage in men, bent under their humdrum lives for years, stood erect and began to howl. The mob went mad in the twinkling of an eye. The yelling was deafening. One did not think human creatures could make such a fearful sound. There was a bass tone in it, but the body was shrill and frenzied, and big and brutal. Ten thousand decorous American citizens cheering and clapping their hands, pleased and happy—even decorous—is a common thing. Joy may be loud yet decorous, but a mob of ten thousand by waiting wrought to a frenzy, sloughing off civilization and bellowing out all the horrible honks and cries that can come out of the human throat, is another matter. Mount these ten thousand on chairs, set their arms to waving and their bodies to swaying with hints of some almost atrophied passion for a dance, and there is a picture for the sociologist.

Savage and Frenzied Enthusiasm

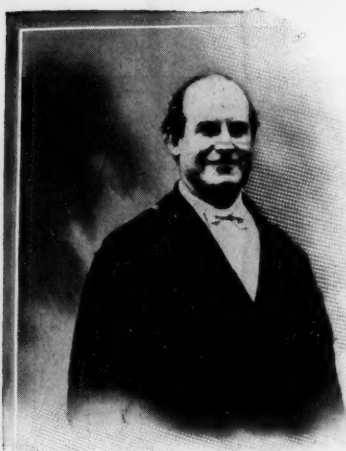
Thus the mob in St. Louis roared for Bryan. The epileptic spasm lasted ten long minutes at full flood, rising every minute, until, when it was at its height, the noise was terrifying. High up in his balcony, the band leader was beating the air with his baton; the bandmen were holding their horns to their lips and their puffed cheeks showed they were blaring out sound. But it was as a whisper on the wind. Yet far down in the lashing ocean of sound there was a throbbing beat, as a pulse that one felt rather than heard. It was the beating of the bandman's drum. All else was swallowed in the cataclysm.

After the first passion of the demonstration had passed, men came to their senses and the cheering was followed with hand-clapping, fan-waving, and hat-throwing for half an hour. But it was sane enough. It was merely "a joyful noise before the Lord." When the band played and tried to drown the noise, it rose a little and held its rise a minute or two, but it soon sank to the level of mere pandemonium which one suspected was more manufactured than inspired. Down in the pit the banners of the delegations began to wave. Nebraska waved her pennant and there was another moment of the former madness. In the hubbub a few Western States—desert States in some instances—took their pennants over and placed them beside Nebraska's. But the pennants of the old Southern States and of the East were rigid. The maddest of the cheering had not made these States move. Their delegates were dignified and silent. When the Western pennants moved, amid the deafening cheers of the galleries, New York, Massachusetts, Alabama, and Georgia were stiffly indifferent.

The Galleries Try to Shout Down the Delegates

Suddenly Georgia unfurled her purple and gold Parker banner and carried it to the platform and put it high above the crowd. Then came New York and New England and the old South; and Vardaman, the long-haired, swarthy, grim-visaged survivor of antebellum Democracy, was cast up from the waves of enthusiasm with his State's banner in his hands. He held it beside Georgia's banner for a moment and then sank out of sight. During this scene there was cheering from the delegates in the gold States. The galleries tried to drown out the Parker spectacle by crying "Bryan!" The storm of noise engulfed the squeaks of the pit as though they were being doused in a tide. The Parker demonstration ended, and then, as a summer rain dies away in the soft patter on eaves and the gurgle of rivulets, the Bryan ebbed gently and there was quiet.

After the emotion had passed, the session of the Convention opened and was matter-of-fact enough for any one. The Resolutions Committee was not ready,



William Jennings Bryan

but Bryan had come in with the Credentials Committee. After an hour of parrying he came forward with the minority report and made his fight. He was an hour before the crowd, which seemed to hang upon his words. The gallery cheered when he made the most trite remarks. The delegates did not cheer at all—not even the delegates who were friendly to Bryan. He put forth his facts and followed them by his arguments. He was more than plausible. He had much decency on his side. His opponents at no time disproved, nor tried to deny, for that matter, much that he contended.

Probably seven-tenths of the delegates agreed with Bryan. Yet, looking at the faces in the pit, the crowd saw that the men there were not in sympathy with the Bryan cause. There was absolutely no spontaneity in the Convention. The most apparent thing, during the entire life of the Convention, was the fact that the delegates had come to St. Louis determined not to be stampeded. They were seemingly sensitive on the subject. They were like men who had been stark mad, and the fear of it coming back was in their hearts, and at any hint of the old delusion they gripped their consciousness tightly and shut their eyes to everything save the path before them. One almost felt that they were willing to accept a new delusion or any fancy rather than let the old mania return. They were never sure when they were exactly sane, and always seemed to be asking themselves if they were entirely safe.

Bryan's First Reverse

At the end of the afternoon's debate, the roll call showed that with all his power in the gallery crowd, the delegates were against Bryan by a two-thirds majority. He knew then surely, what he had felt for a year, that his power over the Democratic party was gone. He sat grimly through the roll call, and when the adjournment came and the crowd went out sullenly because that act of the play had been harsh upon its hero, Bryan hurried over to the place where the Resolutions Committee was holding its session and began his fight to get a reaffirmation of silver in the Democratic platform.

He fought like a thoroughbred, but he used bad judgment, if one considers mere winning as his end. Persons who had not regarded Bryan's moral perceptions as of a particularly high grade, whatever they may have thought him intellectually, must concede that in all he did at St. Louis he acted with a moral courage that was good to behold. By refusing to make the fight for the credentials minority report, Bryan might have saved his strength to avail him in his fight against Parker and a gold platform. By covering his fight on Parker, and declaring for Hearst, or for some candidate like Gray or Cockrell, early in summer, Bryan might have defeated Parker and got something to his liking in the platform. But he believed the anti-Hopkins contention was right in the credentials matter. He sacri-

ficed expediency for duty, and went into a losing fight before the Convention and showed his miserable weakness to all the delegates before he needed to do so. With the Parker matter, Bryan boldly denounced Parker and Parkerism, refusing to trade or have anything to do with it. He was honest and was decent in his fight, but a trickier fight might have won more for Bryan against a man like Hill.

Bryan's Fight Against Gold

After leaving the Convention Thursday afternoon, when the credentials fight was done, Bryan worked all night with the Resolutions Committee. He was the only one making the silver fight. Hill had been refreshed by Wednesday's sleep while Bryan was fighting for his credentials report; and besides Hill on the Resolutions Committee were a dozen strong gold standard men. Against these came Bryan, weary and beaten after a hard contest in the Convention Thursday night, to fight the platform fight in the committee. Hill threatened a gold plank. Bryan counter-threatened with a free silver plank. All night the wrangling continued. Hill and Bryan and John Sharp Williams were made a sub-committee, and they carried the fight over from the night into the day.

When the Convention met Friday morning, there was nothing to report. It was a short scene soon shifted, and the audience was merely irritated. It cheered for Bryan loudly enough and was insolently rough to others. But the crowd desired action, and would not rest until it came.

When the platform was ready to report, it was more Bryan's platform than Hill's. Bryan's was the tariff plank, and he had had his way about the anti-trust and the money questions. Nothing whatever was said. It was more Bryan's victory than Hill's, for though each lost his position and without defence, it is Hill's friends who are in charge of the campaign now on; and if that is lost, and if Parker had not spoken, it would have been Bryan who would be able to say, "I told you so," and demand back the reins of the party. As it is, Hill will have to face the Republicans with his lamentable error of having his candidate rebuke the Convention for cowardice. It is not Bryan's worry.

When the curtain went up on the last act of the drama which had held its auditors three days, they were too tired to cheer much; they were mad at the way the story was running, and they were ill-bred in the extreme. The platform was but a few hours old when it came to the Convention, and not a dozen delegates outside of the platform committeemen knew exactly what the platform declared for, and no one cared, for it was known that Bryan had been whipped so far as reaffirming the old silver plank was concerned. Just how he had been whipped no one knew; but with silver out of politics, the people knew Bryan was out of politics. So, when Senator Daniels, Chairman of the Platform Committee, tried to read the platform the crowd roared and sneered and would not hear it. But he stood up beside the Speaker's desk and read the platform to Champ Clark, the Chairman of the Convention, and in the tumult no one else heard it. It was, so far as that Convention was concerned, a confidential communication between those two gentlemen. The Chairman put the motion through a megaphone, and its adoption, amid catcalls, provoked no applause other than a yelp of bad temper from the galleries.

The Nominating Begins

The roll of the States was opened on nominations for the Presidency at half-past nine Friday night. By midnight the list had not progressed alphabetically to the T's. Speeches were long, and for the most part stupid; of the old-fashioned sort that hold the name of the candidate until the last word, to create a climax.

The demonstrations of the various candidates, Parker and Hearst and the favorite sons, were painfully perfunctory; the perfunctoriness in the case of Parker and Hearst lasting for exactly thirty-five minutes each, the Hearst people apparently thinking that as soon as they had exactly equalled the Parker noise in volume and extent they had done all that could be asked of them.

As the night dragged wearily on there were "seconding" speeches from the teeth out, long and wooden. One man only of all those who seconded the nominations had any sincere thing to say—Clarence Darrow, of Chicago, who brought the spirit of Robespierre into the place, and made a rabble-rousing speech on plutocracy. The man who nominated Wall of Wisconsin showed the temper of the galleries when he attacked the gold wing of the party, and twitted the Parkerites with having a Palmer and Buckner elector put their candidate before the Convention. Also Champ Clark relieved the tension of the Convention by making a happy, good-natured nominating speech for Cockrell; and at half-past two in the morning the crowd, which was dead tired, sprang into life, and through some prearrangement, which worked admirably, began waving flags for Cockrell. Five thousand flags had been slipped into the galleries for the occasion, and when the time came there was the most beautiful blooming of color all over the house. The cheering was so sincere and the scene so refreshing that it put new life into the leaden hours. When Missouri was passed, and the other letters staggered by under their weight of heavy oratory and an hour droned by, half of the speakers were strangled in their own meshes of rhetoric by the angry galleries, and those who were allowed to proceed only put the crowd to sleep.

Not the Bryan of Eight Years Ago

The mob was waiting for Bryan. It knew that his time would come. At half-past four he rose, and for a minute there was again that passionate cry of the savage at his rising. He came to the speakers' stand a rather heavy-set middle-aged man, not the boy orator who, eight years before to a day, had set the Democratic Convention wild with his voice. He stooped a little, for he had not worn his eight years well, and he was broken from loss of sleep. The lines that have bitten deeply into his face since the campaign of '96

were shaded by the white light of the electric lamps that were beginning to sputter for dawn above him. He opened his speech in a low husky voice, and his gestures were those of a weak body. His eyes were dull at first, but they began to glow as his voice cleared out and the passion of his soul began to come out in very sharp gestures. The audience was hushed and still; he might have been speaking in an empty house. It was so quiet, the applause seemed to ring out of the air from nowhere, cut off as with a knife, as the orator resumed his discourse.

What he said men have read, but the way he said it, the art of it all, only those will know who heard it. It must be considered one of the memorable orations of this prosy unromantic day. It has been said that some words are so momentous that they become deeds. Bryan's were such. As he talked, the purple shadows of the coming day were seen through the windows, and before he closed the dawn was gray about him. He stood there surrendering his power, that had come to him in his youth so suddenly. He had carried the banner of social democracy in America further than any other man had carried it. It is not free silver that Bryan stands for, and he knew it, in the breaking day, when his party told him to stand aside.

Pleading for a Lost Cause

Bryan has stood for as much of the idea of socialism as the American mind to-day will confess to. He believes that his idea (whether he defines it clearly or not is immaterial) is important to the welfare of his country. Probably he is wrong; but as he stood there sadly appealing to his party for his old cause, which he knew was a lost cause, he seemed bidding farewell—a long farewell—to all the power and glory that has been the breath of his nostrils. He has lived cleanly, and has acted fairly and squarely according to his lights. He is the idol of that party, of his branch of his party, which stood for his ideas. These men live in the Middle West. Thousands of them came many hun-



J. M. Guffey of Pennsylvania and John I. Martin, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Convention

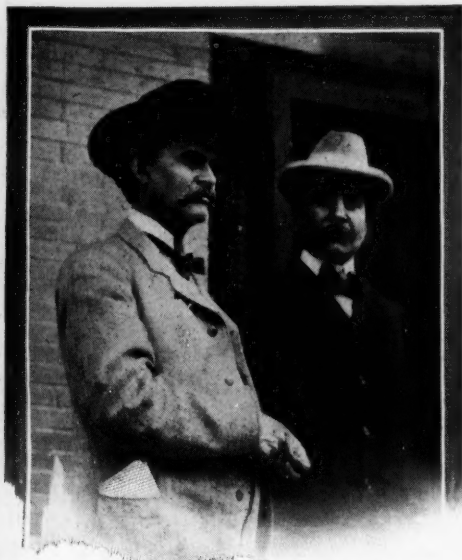
dred miles to see his surrender. He quit like a gentleman, with his colors flying. Whatever his enemies may say of him, they must admire the pluck which he showed at the last. He was strong and self-reliant as he stood there with the electric pencils above him dimmed by the light of a new day. It was a manly spectacle, the fitting tableau of the last act of the drama. And when he said his last line they cheered and cheered him again and again. He turned slowly away from the footlights, and walked into the crowd with heavy footsteps.

Parker Nominated at Dawn

When the balloting for President was over—and that took but a few minutes—the new day was abroad. The crowd had thinned out during the balloting as they do toward the close of the last act in a theatre. They knew how it would end. The announcement hardly raised a cheer. There was a great flag above the speakers' stand to be lowered when Parker was announced as the nominee of the new party—the "sane and safe" Democracy. When Parker's name was spoken the wire was snapped to let the flag drop, but it rolled out only a few feet and stopped. The cheering was over and the crowd was half out of the room. Some one tried to loosen the wire and get the flag down to celebrate the victory, but it still stuck.

There was a perfunctory motion to adjourn, and then the crowd filed slowly out into the crisp new cutting air of another day. The play was over. The dramatic figure of Bryan, moved by a force outside himself, which was released by his own powers and weaknesses, had brought him to his inevitable doom.

What happened after the passing of Bryan is immaterial to the story of his fortunes. It was the Convention, not Bryan, that received the shock of Parker's rebuff to Democracy's ostrich act. Bryan was sick in bed, threatened with pneumonia, and it was three hours after the message from Parker came that Bryan appeared in the hall in a thunderclap of applause. But it was a man whose power had been surrendered that came in. The play was over, the climax reached, and he was called before the curtain to read the epilogue.

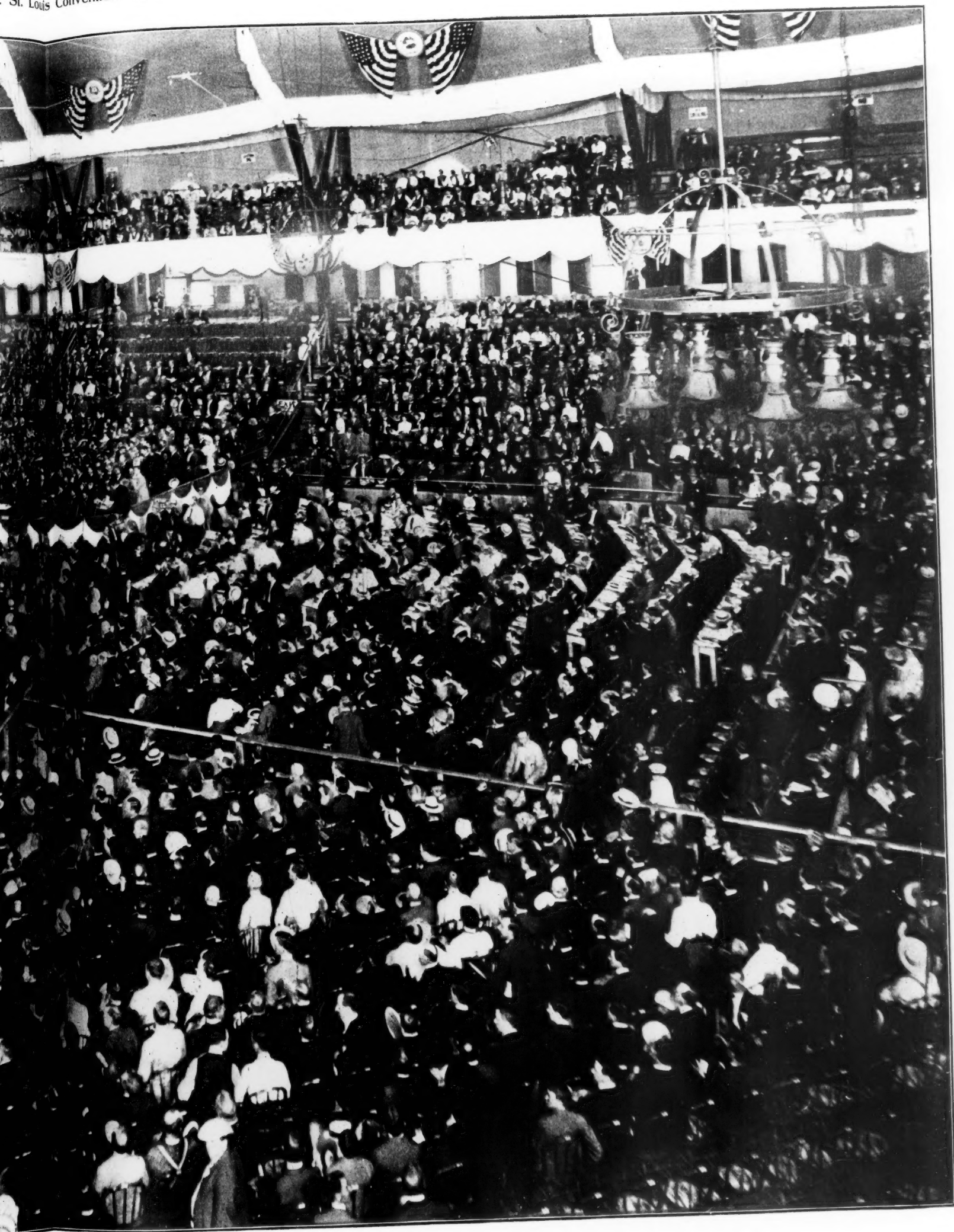


John Sharp Williams and Perry Belmont



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THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION



CONVENTION IN SESSION AT ST. LOUIS, JULY 6-9, 1904

The majority of the Convention, a two-thirds majority, three times had recorded itself against Bryan, even when, as in the Illinois contest, he was right. There was no reason now to believe that he would affect the majority against him, even if he was right. He was an outsider, passed from his party councils. That feeling was in the air when he came to the hall; and, though the galleries rained their applause down on him, the delegates were colder than ever. It was the galleries that dragged Bryan to the platform, and when he spoke his epilogue it was to the galleries and to the newspapers and the shrinking wing of his party that once had sheltered him. It was a sad business.

All through the debate, which lasted until Sunday

morning, Bryan accepted the situation of a defeated leader trying to put the blame of future party failure upon his conquerors. He granted them every courtesy, gave them every privilege. When they demanded a vote, his last words to New York and to his party were, "Nebraska will vote for New York's candidate for the Vice-Presidency. We will do nothing to jeopardize our success next fall, and if New York thinks it wise to force a vote on the question I shall withdraw my objection." The previous question was carried and the gold standard raised over the fallen silver leader.

By an overwhelming vote the delegates resolved to answer Judge Parker's despatch by sending the following telegram: "The platform adopted by this Conven-

tion is silent on the question of the monetary standard because it is not regarded by us as a possible issue in this campaign, and only campaign issues were mentioned in the platform. Therefore, there is nothing in the views expressed by you in the telegram just received which would preclude a man entertaining them from accepting a nomination on said platform."

At one o'clock Sunday morning, ex-United States Senator Henry G. Davis of West Virginia was unanimously nominated for Vice-President, making Parker and Davis the ticket. It was decided that the National Committee should meet in New York City at a time to be determined later by Senator James K. Jones. At 1:30 A.M. the Convention adjourned.

The article on the St. Louis Convention by Hon. John Sharp Williams, announced to appear in this Extra, will be published in the regular issue of Collier's, July 23. At the close of the Convention, Mr. Williams telegraphed us that he would be unable to write his article until he had rested forty-eight hours, as he was utterly worn out from loss of sleep and from the unceasing application to his political duties at St. Louis. The articles by William Allen White and Norman Hapgood were telegraphed to Collier's the day the Convention closed, in order that this Extra might be published immediately

BEHIND THE SCENES AT ST. LOUIS

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

PEOPLE were packed like sardines, the Coliseum was full of bunting and wood. The exits were few and narrow. A spark might have started a catastrophe compared to which the Iroquois Theatre and the General Slocum conflagrations would have seemed but moderately disastrous. Naturally there was a rule that smoking should not be indulged in at the hazard of above ten thousand lives. Mr. John Sharp Williams, however, is an American; he likes to smoke, and, therefore, smoke he did. When his example was imitated by some small boy, the free-born youth naturally reasoned that if the Chairman of the Convention preferred his own amusement to the safety of thousands, minor persons also were free to ignore the rules. Mr. Williams' behavior was not the only example of American laxity given to the notable assemblage. The interest and privilege of the public were turned into graft. Seats were sold upon the streets. Seized by the national committeemen, even after they had been specially assigned, for business or for pleasure, to members of the public, they were turned over to their friends, and protests were met with insolence. But Mr. Williams' behavior had a peculiar interest for me, because he struck Mr. Roosevelt's lawlessness as the keynote of this campaign. He attacked the President savagely for insufficient deference for law. He who refused to control a habit when it endangered the lives of ten thousand helpless citizens is about to ask the people to refuse to Mr. Roosevelt another term, on the ground that he ignored technicalities in seeking to do right. Mr. Williams, who would not control himself in a matter of real and unmistakable menace, was asking his Convention to condemn the President for lacking self-control. The Convention had to take orders from a man who himself ignored the most vital rule which was supposed to protect the gathering. I saw nothing more wonderful than this. I hold no brief for the President, and have been a great admirer of Mr. Williams, but I am now merely making clear what things of real importance I saw at the Convention, let it injure whom it may.

The Inside Bryan Story

THAT Mr. Bryan was the protagonist of the drama was obvious to the merest outsider. After the first test vote, when he had shown how much less than one-third of the Convention he personally controlled, people discussed in a friendly way the vast enthusiasm which he inspired. It was a wake, said one. It was the tribute given to the last gallant charge, said another. Even his leading friends believed that he had lost. One day later he emerged, after his speech on Friday, a more absolute leader of the Western Democracy than he had been since 1896, more absolute perhaps than he was in '06. He had yielded to the people's will on the financial fallacy that had alienated the best of the Western radicals, and had asked if they wished him as a leader purged of his favorite error. Their response was unmistakable. Democrats of the type of Tom Johnson and Joseph Folk say with enthusiasm, with devotion, that Mr. Bryan has gone out of St. Louis larger and stronger than he entered it; they say that he has shown teachability, unselfishness, and parliamentary skill; that he is a sincere representative of their ideals; that he is the leader of their cause. This wise class of radicals, whose watchword is unjust privileges, are under no illusions about the present campaign. They are not hypocrites enough to say that Parker is a greater friend to unjust privilege than Roosevelt. They say only that they are in a position now to fight together, year after year, against unjust privileges, whether they be shown in tariff discrimination or the method of taxing great corporations.

Behind the Scenes With Mr. Folk

MR. BRYAN wished Joseph Folk to consent to be a rallying-point for these ideals of the West; for it is the West, in ideal, against the East and the South. Mr. Bryan was, indeed, grieved and perhaps almost indignant that Mr. Folk refused to serve. I think Mr. Bryan was led astray by his habitual association with a party and the use of the name Democratic as a shibboleth. Cool-headed men of business in St. Louis say that Mr. Folk has done more to awaken consciences in Missouri than any man who ever lived within the State. He is doing with power and probable success in one State what Mr. Bryan and his party are talking about for the nation. He has asked the people of Missouri to make him Governor, in order that the success of this awakening process may be assured. To have yielded to the importunities of the radical national leaders would have been to put a party name above real

progress, to have turned Missouri over to corruption in a vain attempt to defeat a President who, as Mr. Folk knows, has done more against corruption and unjust privilege than anybody who has occupied the chair since those special conditions became conspicuous. Mr. Folk has not won. The machine Democrats, as it looks now, have cleverly created a false scent by getting upon the Folk ticket two men tainted with the evil which Folk is fighting. Sam Cook witnessed the payment of a bribe. He is standing for re-election as Secretary of State. He refuses to get off the ticket for the good of his State. Allen, standing for re-election as Auditor, has railroad associations which make him a bad man to be a member ex-officio of the board which controls taxation. Cook would also be a member of that board. Whether Folk can keep these men off the ticket, when the Convention meets at Jefferson City, July 19, is doubtful. Farmers may go to that Convention armed with shotguns to prevent St. Louis rowdies, or "Indians," from using force. Mr. Folk will run even if this platform and the other candidates should be against him. He will then simply ignore the candidate and his associates before and after the elections.



Martin W. Littleton

Who nominated Judge Parker for President

The honest Democrats of Missouri may be able to keep Cook and Allen off the ticket. If not, the Republicans, meeting July 29, have a great opportunity. They might put Folk at the head of their ticket, with honest men as his associates, and they would win. What they will probably do, however, is to make a juncture with the Democratic boddies. Butler, the notorious St. Louis boss, three months ago made an agreement with the machine men on both sides by which he names the Circuit Attorney on both tickets. According to the statements of Cook himself, he was sent for by Harry W. Hawes, Judge Priest, the judge who declared in court that bribery was a conventional crime at most, and Butler, to discuss plans for a deal whereby Folk should be beaten and a corrupt Republican elected. How could Folk give up a fight such as this merely to carry a banner marked Democratic?

Parker Strategy

IT IS a mistake to conceive of Hill as conducting all branches of the adroit Parker tactics at St. Louis. He built up the organization, to be sure. His was the strategy. But the tactics on the spot were largely those of Sheehan. To him was left the face-to-face diplomacy. He spoke, as a plenipotentiary: "I, and I alone, am authorized to speak for Judge Parker," he told the delegates. He met them with such consideration that he made concession easy. The Parker forces, in exterior demeanor, were a fine example of firmness and courtesy combined. They were long and carefully drilled against a stampede; they were told what fools they had made of themselves often before by being swayed by temporary excitement, and they were told to experiment, for a change, on making up their minds in calm and maintaining their decision in any storm. Mr. Bryan met this situation by fighting calmly and moderately step by step. He chose the Illinois situa-

tion as the best opening, and he did wisely; for it is doubtful if one person out of ten, who knew the facts, had any sympathy with the delegation which was seated. Mr. Bryan, therefore, began his efforts before the Convention on an issue which made him the exponent of justice against machine power. The Parker leaders used some threats. Illinois and other States let it be known clearly in private that they could be kept away from Parker for just about one ballot, if Mr. Bryan misbehaved, and of course the first money plank was a club. Bryan met these suggestions with hints about the limits of his own patience, each side carried a stick, but carried it with courtesy, and each side came really prepared for peace. The Parker men kept their ranks solid and unexcited and won most, as their strength was greatest. Mr. Bryan and two or three trusted friends kept their heads and won just about as much as was relative to their strength.

Mr. Bryan was already a hero when he made so astute and dignified a speech on Friday, when he was worn by work and lack of sleep. When he came to the Convention hall on Saturday from his bed of sickness he was of course still more the hero. What he said brought out no new fact, except that Senator Hill undoubtedly told him a lie when he said he did not know Judge Parker's views upon the gold standard. Mr. Bryan's comments on the telegram were taken by the audience as just, and helped him establish himself as a man of very considerable size.

Roosevelt and the Southerners

WILLIAMS in his skilful way, Hobson in his gross extravagance, and most of the other Southern speakers ranging in ability between the two, waved the negro question and expansion at the President. Williams, Bailey, and the other able Southern leaders are unpopular with all the Western and some of the Eastern Democrats for their strict construction ideas. Only the necessity of being in opposition made the Western delegates take a hostile tone to the Administration's policy as regards expansion. Privately they admit that the President represents them both in this respect better than the spirit of their speeches and platform does. Bankers and similar men of business in the West fear him somewhat, as they get their news from Wall Street, but many a man of popularity and leadership in the West will work this summer in cheerful resignation for Parker, and think in his heart with satisfaction of the prospect of the President's re-election. In this statement I include men of national importance in the Democratic party.

The Vice-Presidency

SECTIONAL feeling was strong at St. Louis, although a valiant and large-spirited effort was made to keep it down. The rank and file of the delegates showed that they would resent not only giving the Presidency to the South, but even the Vice-Presidency. By going to West Virginia, and selecting Henry G. Davis, they managed to select a Union State, and one that sometimes goes Republican, and yet one that might be counted with the South. They would have refused Missouri, or any other Southern State, but they could accept West Virginia. After Cockerell was out of the race for the Presidential nomination, a strong attempt was made to give him the second place. Harmon was offered by the conservatives and refused by Bryan because he had been in Cleveland's Cabinet. Towne was strong until Parker's selection ruled him out. Davis seemed an easy solution at a time when all were anxious for the end.

The Most Dramatic Episode

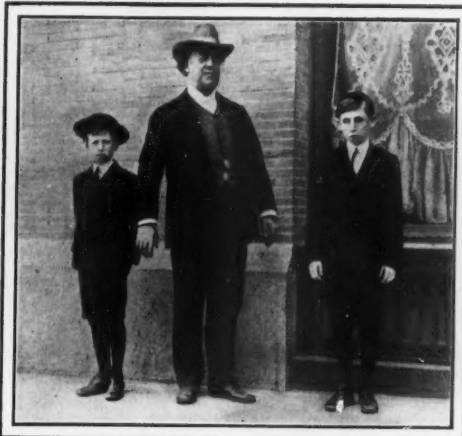
WHEN Parker's telegram was known the most violent excitement prevailed. It was looked upon by many as a trick of Sheehan and Hill arranged in advance, and it took all the skill of Williams, Tillman, Vardaman, Clark, and others, to prevent an eruption. The Southern delegates were the most enraged, and therefore Southerners were put forward to quiet them. Parker belonged to the East, but the South had merely trusted Hill and felt that it had been betrayed. Bryan heard of the situation by accident, and when he left his room the doctor assured him that he was endangering his life. He intended to carry the fight over until Monday, but the immense pressure of fatigue made many, even of his own delegates, unwilling. The session Saturday night was infinitely more exciting even than the longer struggle Friday, because there was hardly a man in the hall who was not filled with a furious indignation, which was controlled merely by the necessities of the situation.



Governor Davis of Arkansas



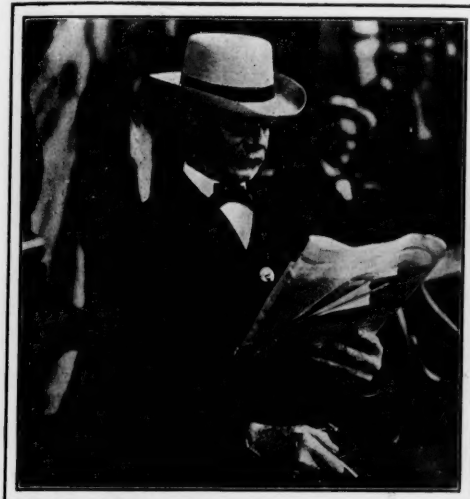
Congressman Williams of Illinois



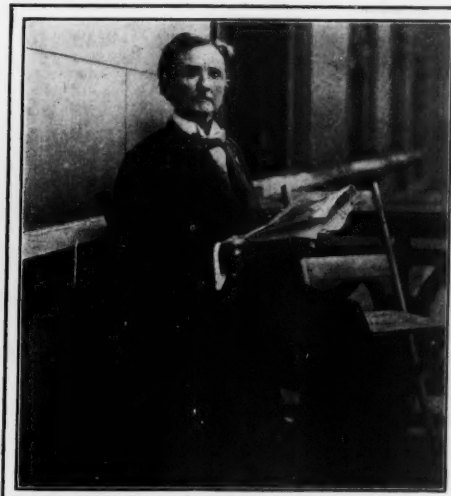
Sergeant-at-Arms John I. Martin



Senator Cockrell of Missouri



Hon. Patrick Collins, Mayor of Boston



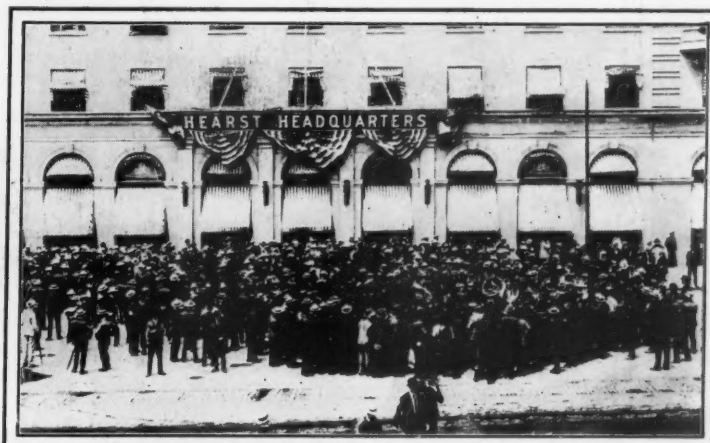
Dr. Mary Walker, Delegate from Oswego, N. Y.



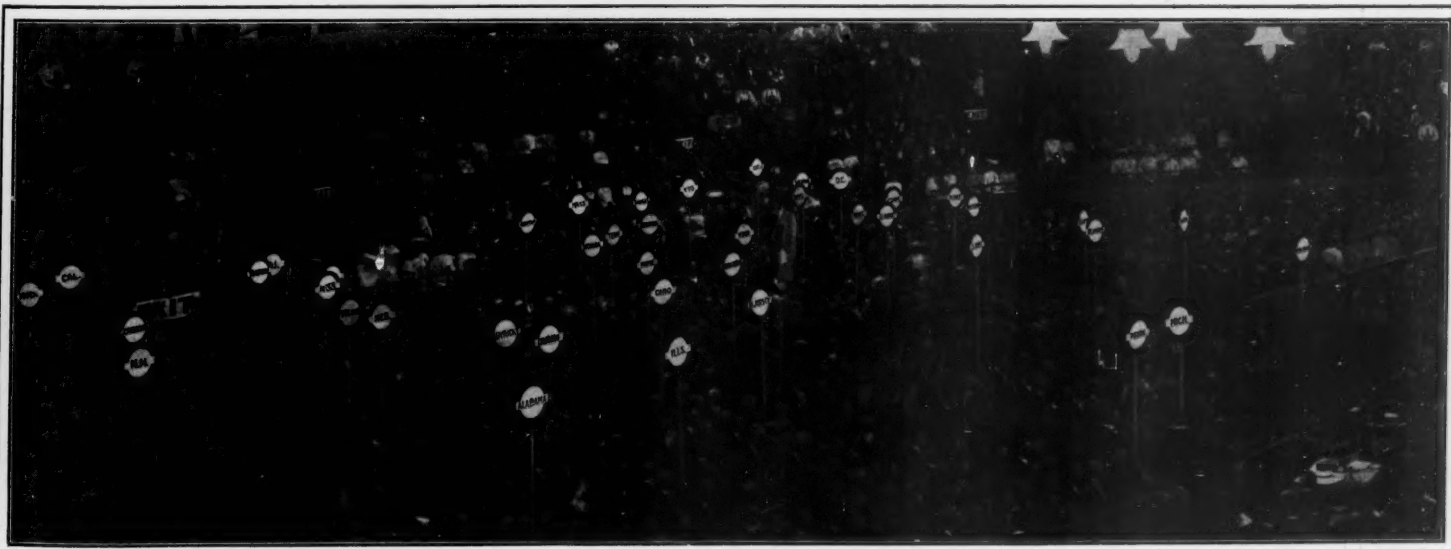
Hon. Thomas Taggart, Mayor of Indianapolis



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